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THE NEW YORKER

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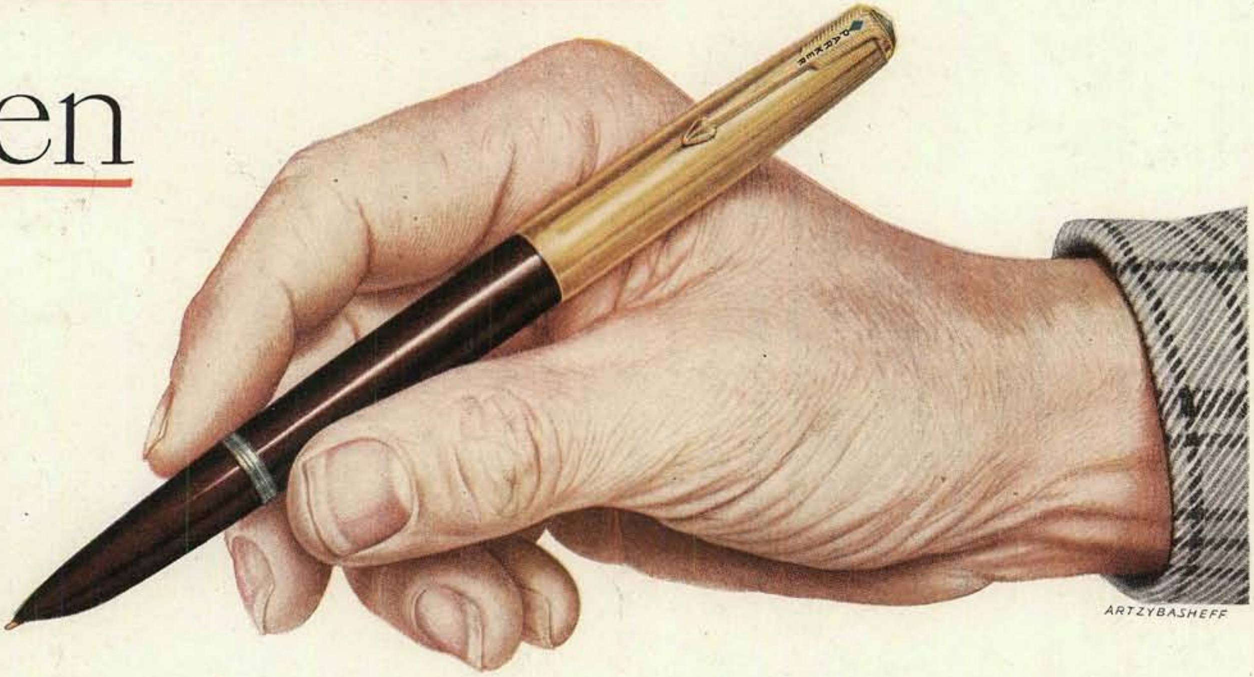

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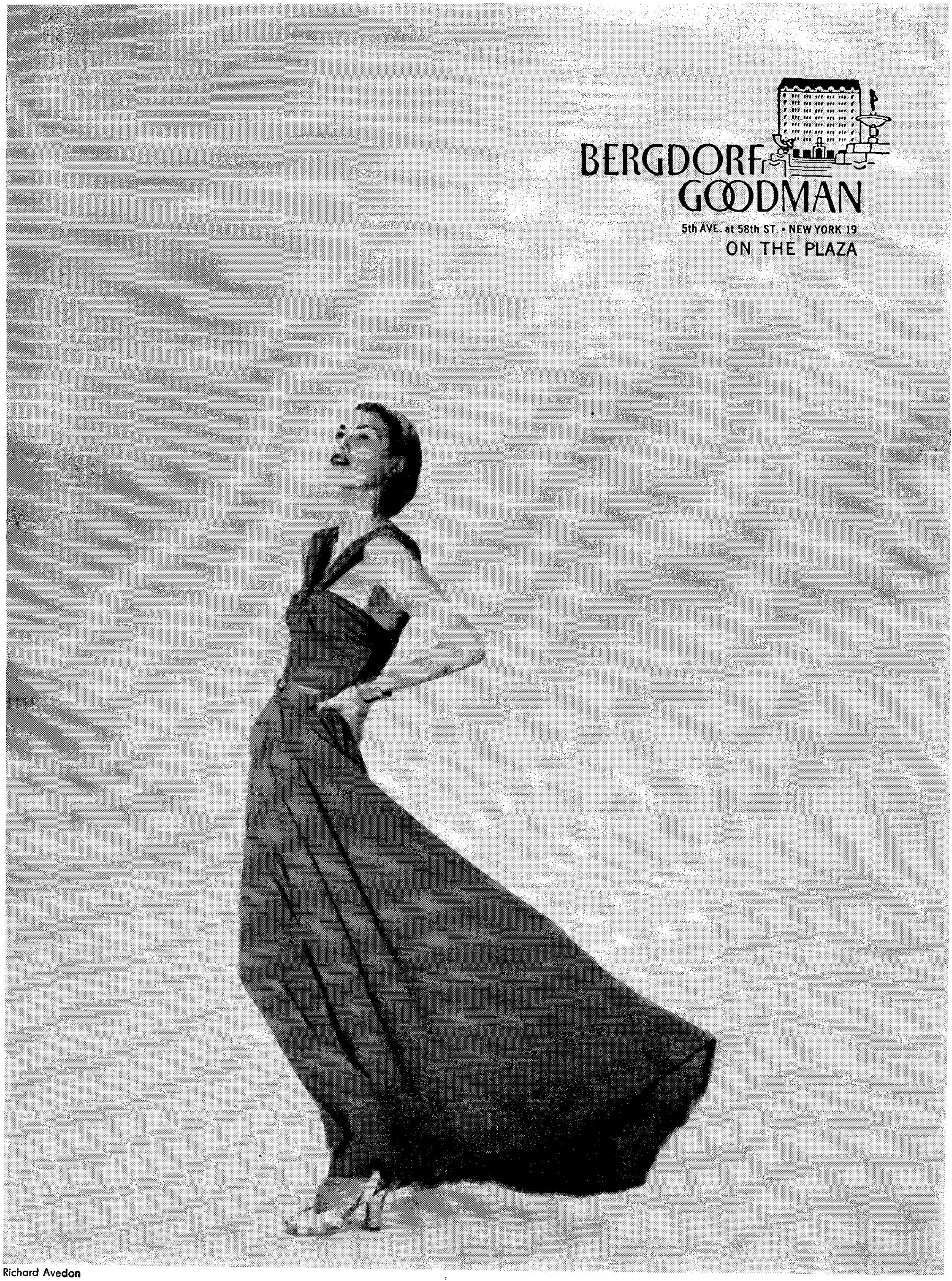

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

AIDA
FAUST
RIGOLETTO
TRISTAN AND ISOLDE

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

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THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

American Repertory Theatre—Not entirely satisfactory productions of "What Every Woman Knows," "John Gabriel Borkman," "Androcles and the Lion," "Pound on Demand," and "Henry VIII." The company includes Eva Le Gallienne, Walter Hampden, Margaret Webster, and Ernest Truex. The schedule for this week and next follows: "What Every Woman Knows," Thursday evening, Jan. 2, at 8:40. . . . ¶ "John Gabriel Borkman," Friday evening, Jan. 3, at 8:50. . . . ¶ "Pound on Demand" and "Androcles," Saturday matinée and evening, Jan. 4, at 2:40 and 8:40. . . . ¶ "Henry VIII," Sunday matinée and evening, Jan. 5, at 2:30 and 8:30, and Tuesday evening, Jan. 7, at 8:30. . . . ¶ "Pound on Demand" and "Androcles," Wednesday and Thursday evenings, Jan. 8-9, at 8:40. . . . ¶ "John Gabriel Borkman," Friday evening, Jan. 10, at 8:50. . . . ¶ "Pound on Demand" and "Androcles," Saturday matinée and evening, Jan. 11, at 2:40 and 8:40. (International Theatre, at Columbus Circle. CO 5-1173.)

Another Part of the Forest—Lillian Hellman takes the characters in "The Little Foxes" back to 1880, when they were almost as bad as they turned out to be later on. Unfortunately, the play is by no means up to its predecessor, in spite of excellent performances by Patricia Neal, Margaret Phillips, and Leo Genn. (Fulton, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Burlesque—This revival of the 1927 play about the comedian who couldn't stand success is still both funny and touching. Bert Lahr gives a fine, characteristic performance, and Jean Parker assists him very prettily. (Belasco, 44th St., E. BR 9-2067. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Christopher Blake—Moss Hart investigates the effect of divorce on the mind of a twelve-year-old boy, half in realistic terms, half in fantasy. The latter is much the better. Richard Tyler, Shepperd Strudwick, and Martha Sleeper head the large cast. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Cyrano de Bergerac—The question here is whether José Ferrer is more persuasive in the title role than Walter Hampden, and the answer seems to be yes as a comedian and no as a lover. Frances Reid plays Roxane, and Ernest Graves is Christian. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

The Fatal Weakness—Ina Claire as delightful as ever in George Kelly's comedy dealing with middle-aged divorce. Also with Margaret Douglass and Howard St. John. (Royale, 45th St., W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Happy Birthday—Helen Hayes superb in what would otherwise be just another comedy about a plain girl who turns into the belle of the ball. Anita Loos is the author, and the expert cast includes Lorraine Miller, Louis Jean Heydt, and Enid Markey. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Iceman Cometh—Eugene O'Neill's four-hour play proving that life is insupportable without illusions. Beautifully acted and produced, but not, perhaps, quite worth all the excitement. In the cast of dreamy bums are James Barton, Dudley Digges, Carl Benton Reid, and Nicholas Joy. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30.)

Joan of Lorraine—Maxwell Anderson's ingenious and generally highly effective variation of the Maid of Orleans legend. Ingrid Bergman gives one of the finest performances of several seasons. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. CI 5-5226. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:35. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:35.)

Lady Windermere's Fan—Cecil Beaton's nineteenth-century costumes and sets are the real stars of this revival of the Wilde comedy. Cornelia Otis Skinner, Penelope Ward, and Estelle Winwood do very nicely, too. (Cort, 48th St., E. BR 9-0046. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Lovely Me—Luba Malina and Mischa Auer in a play by Jacqueline Susann and Beatrice Cole. (Adelphi, 54th St., E. CI 6-5097. Nightly, except Mondays and Thursday, Jan. 2, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40. The play will move on Jan. 4 or 5; theatre to be announced.)

Made in Heaven—A comedy by Hagar Wilde about the breaking up and reëstablishment of a rather uninteresting marriage. Donald Cook is assisted by Katharine Bard, Carmen Mathews, and Ann Thomas. (Henry Miller, 43rd St., E. BR 9-3970. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays at 2:40 and Sundays at 2:50.)

The Playboy of the Western World—A revival of Synge's drama concerning the humors of parricide. Burgess Meredith is impressive in the title role, and the others in the cast are also distinguished, but the evening on the whole is disappointing. (Booth, 45th St., W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:45. Matinée Saturday at 2:45. Closes Saturday, Jan. 4.)

Present Laughter—Noel Coward's comedy about an actor who has too many lady friends is far below par. Clifton Webb, Evelyn Varden, Doris Dalton, and Marta Linden. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Temper the Wind—Blanche Yurka and Reinhold Schunzel in a play by Edward Mabley and Leonard Mins. Directed by Reginald Denham. (Playhouse, 48th St., E. BR 9-3565. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Years Ago—Fredric March is almost perfect in Ruth Gordon's extremely pleasant and witty play about her ambitious youth. Florence Eldridge and young Patricia Kirkland are very engaging as the women of the family. (Mansfield, 47th St., W. CI 6-9056. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Wonderful Journey—A comedy by Harry Segall, with a cast headed by Sidney Blackmer. Frank Emmons Brown is the director, Theron Bamberger and Richard Skinner are the producers, and Raymond Sovey is the stage designer. (Coronet, 49th St., W. CI 6-8870. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Long Runs—**BORN YESTERDAY:** A big-time crook and the little girl who ruins his racket. With Judy Holliday and Paul Douglas. (Lyceum, 45th St., E. CH 4-4256. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.) . . . **HARVEY:** Frank Fay, Josephine Hull, and that six-foot, invisible rabbit. (48th Street Theatre, 48th St., E. BR 9-4566. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.) . . . **LIFE WITH FATHER:** You know—"Life with Father." With Donald Randolph and Mary Loane. (Bijou, 45th St., W. CO 5-8215. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.) . . . **O MISTRESS MINE:** A feeble English comedy, but it has Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne. (Empire, Broadway at 40th St. PE 6-9540. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **STATE OF THE UNION:** The Crouse-Lindsay comedy dealing with politics and principles in the Republican Party. Ralph Bellamy and Edith Atwater. (Hudson, 44th St., E. BR 9-5641. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:35. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:35.) . . . **THE VOICE OF THE TURTLE:** John van Druten's play about a sergeant and his two girls. With Alan Baxter, Beatrice Pearson, and Vicki Cummings. (Morosco, 45th St., W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:35. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:35.)

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

Love Goes to Press—A comedy by Martha Gellhorn and Virginia Cowles, directed by Wallace Douglas and produced by Warren P. Munsell and Herman Bernstein. Ralph Michael and Joyce Heron head the cast, and Raymond Sovey designed the settings. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. CI 6-9353. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40; special matinée Thursday, Jan. 2.)

MUSICALS

Annie Get Your Gun—Ethel Merman is an ear-splitting delight in this saga of Little Sureshot. Irving Berlin wrote the excellent music and lyrics, and the competent cast includes Ray Middleton, Marty May, and Harry Bellaver. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly,

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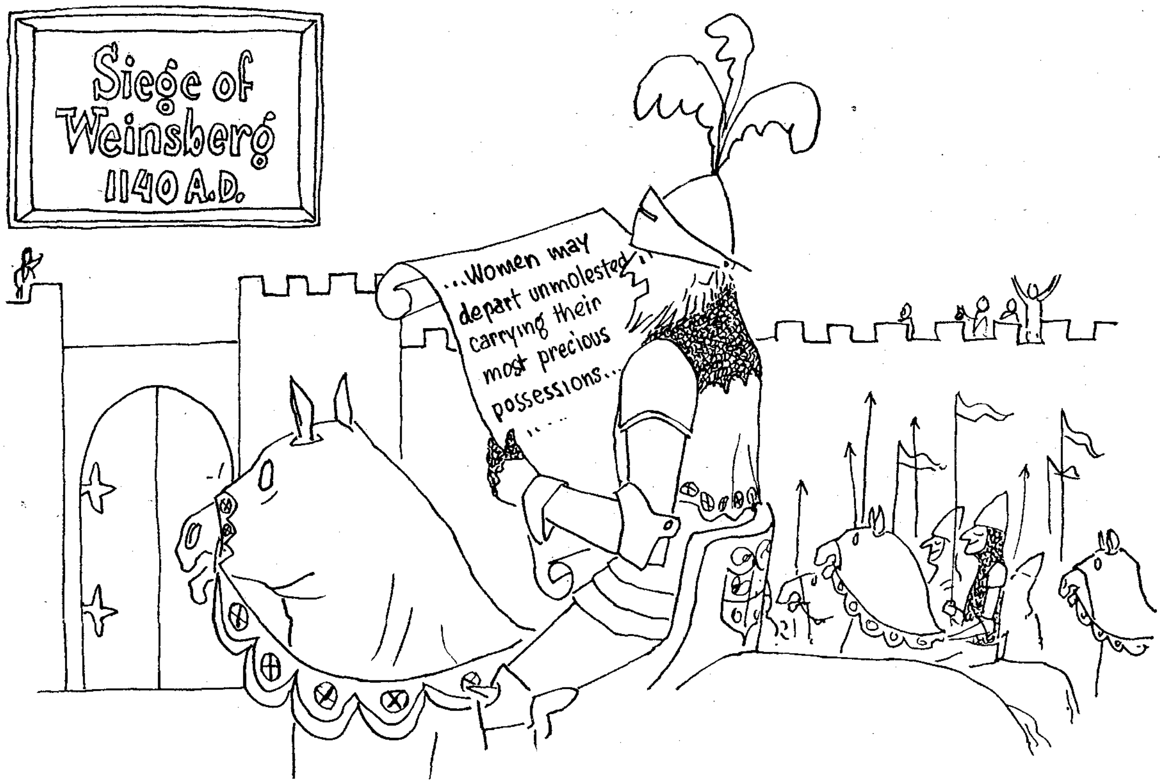
Never Underestimate the Power of a Woman!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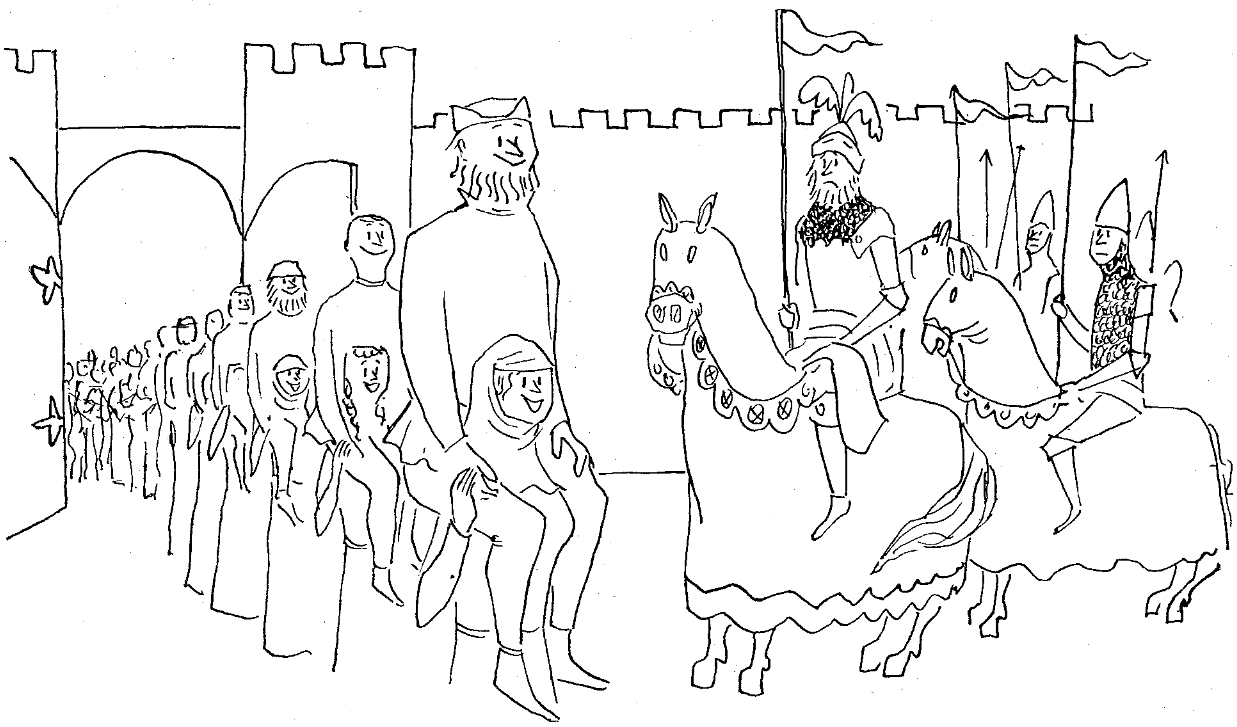

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LADIES' HOME JOURNAL

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Beggar's Holiday—A modernization of "The Beggar's Opera" that has its originality and charm, but somehow doesn't achieve a unified effect. Duke Ellington wrote the score, John Latouche the book and lyrics, and Alfred Drake heads a large and gifted cast of whites and Negroes. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. CI 7-2887. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Call Me Mister—A lot of ex-G.I.s and their girls in a happy military offering, with sketches by Arnold Auerbach and songs by Harold Rome. Jules Munshin and Bill Callahan are in the cast. (National, 41st St., W. PE 6-8220. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:35. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:35.)

Park Avenue—It really should have been much better, since it has a book by George S. Kaufman and Nunnally Johnson, music by Arthur Schwartz, and lyrics by Ira Gershwin. Leonora Corbett and Arthur Margetson head the cast. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Toplitzky of Notre Dame—A musical comedy with a book and lyrics by George Marion, Jr., and music by Sammy Fain. William Cahn is the producer, and the cast includes J. Edward Bromberg and Betty Jane Watson. (Century, Seventh Ave. at 59th St. CI 7-3121. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—**CAROUSEL**: "Liliom," transplanted to New England by Richard Rodgers and Oscar Hammerstein II. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:30. Special performance Sunday evening, Jan. 5, for the Stage Relief Fund.) . . . **OKLAHOMA!**: Mr. R.'s and Mr. H.'s musical version of "Green Grow the Lilacs." (St. James, 44th St., W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **THE RED MILL**: The Victor Herbert hit of 1906, brought to life again. With Dorothy Stone, Jack Whiting, and Odette Myrtil. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. CI 6-6075. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays at 2:40 and Sundays at 3. On Saturday, Jan. 4, the play will either close or move to an undetermined theatre.) . . . **SHOW BOAT**: Edna Ferber and Jerome Kern, back on the Mississippi. With Carol Bruce, Kenneth Spencer, and Buddy Ebsen. (Ziegfeld, Ave. of Americas at 54th St. CI 5-5200. Nightly at 8:30. Matinée Saturday at 2:30. Closes Saturday, Jan. 4.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes, so you'd be wise to verify the dates and curtain times.)

The Big Two—Claire Trevor and Philip Dorn in a comedy by L. Bush-Fekete and Mary Helen Fay. Produced by Elliott Nugent and Robert Montgomery, and directed by Mr. Montgomery. Jo Mielziner designed the settings. Opens Wednesday, Jan. 8. (Booth, 45th St., W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Street Scene—A musical drama based on the play by Elmer Rice, with a book by Mr. Rice and music by Kurt Weill. Norman Cordon and Anne Jeffreys head the cast and Jo Mielziner designed the settings. Directed by Charles Friedman and produced by Dwight Deere Wiman and the Playwrights' Company. Opens Thursday, Jan. 9. (Adelphi, 54th St., E. CI 6-5097. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Finian's Rainbow—Ella Logan in a musical play with a book by E. Y. Harburg and Fred Saidy, lyrics by Mr. Harburg, and music by Burton Lane. Directed by Bretaigne Windust and produced by Lee Sabinson and William R. Katzell. The settings, again, were designed by the apparently indefatigable Mr. Mielziner. Opens Friday, Jan. 10. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. CI 6-6075. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

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MISCELLANY

Bloomer Girl—A six-week return engagement of this musical comedy, with Nanette Fabray and Dick Smart heading the cast. Opens Monday, Jan. 6. (New York City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40; special matinée Thursday, Jan. 9.)

Ice Show—"Icetime," produced by Sonja Henie and Arthur M. Wirtz. (Center, Ave. of Americas at 49th St. CO 5-5474. Sunday evenings at 8:15; other evenings, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40 and Sundays at 3.)

Paul Draper and Larry Adler—In a series of dance-and-harmonica recitals. (New York City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Thursday through Sunday evenings, Jan. 2-5, at 8:30.)

CHILDREN'S ENTERTAINMENT

Children's Vaudeville—Larry Adler and Paul Draper as the mainstays of a show for young fry that brings on a magician, puppets, and even trained dogs. (New York City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Thursday through Sunday afternoons, Jan. 2-5, at 2:30.)

Toy Theatres—Alfred Lunt's collection of miniature stages, set with scenes from "Jack and the Beanstalk," "Robinson Crusoe," and other plays. (Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St. Weekdays, except Mondays, 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sundays, 1 to 5 P.M.)

Antique Toys—An exhibition of nineteenth-century dolls, music boxes, and other toys, as well as old Christmas cards and the manuscript of Clement C. Moore's "A Visit from St. Nicholas." (New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 76th St. Saturdays, 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; other days, except Mondays, 1 to 5 P.M.; through Sunday, Jan. 5.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—A supervised playroom-art gallery where four- to eight-year-olds can make fine creative hashes and be subjected to elevating artistic influences at the same time. Fifty-minute sessions are held weekdays at 10 and 11 A.M. and 2, 3, and 4 P.M.; Sundays at 2, 3, and 4 P.M.; through Sunday, Jan. 5. For reservations, call CI 5-8900.

Children's Concert—The Philharmonic-Symphony, Rudolph Ganz conducting. (Carnegie Hall. CI 7-7460. Saturday morning, Jan. 4, at 11.)

Movies—Films of interest to youngsters are shown on Saturday mornings at the Trans-Lux 85th Street Theatre. (Madison Ave. at 85th St., BU 8-3180), starting at 11.

NIGHT LIFE

(A listing of some places at which you'll find dance music and/or other entertainment. Several of them are closed or have fill-in entertainers on Sundays, Mondays, or Tuesdays, so you'd better phone ahead before starting out on those nights.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

Ambassador, Park Ave. at 51st St. (WI 2-1000)—The handsome Trianon Room has dance music by William Scotti's orchestra and a rumba band.

Biltmore, Madison Ave. at 43rd St. (MU 7-7000)—Ted Straeter's orchestra plays for dinner and supper dancing in the dignified Bowman Room.

Café Society Uptown, 128 E. 58th St. (PL 5-9223)—Imogene Coca, a squeaky sort of chanteuse; Pete Johnson, a handy man on a concert grand; Django Reinhardt, the celebrated French guitarist; and Edmund Hall's orchestra.

Embassy, 149 E. 57th St. (PL 3-8435)—A flimsy show of the semi-tropical variety. Charles Trenet will take over on Tuesday, Jan. 7. Ralph Font's rumba band and Arthur Ravel's orchestra.

Larue, 45 E. 58th St. (VO 5-6374)—The orchestras of Eddie Davis and Bernie Dolen, steadily providing the simple, one-two rhythm that Larue is famous for.

Monte Carlo, Madison Ave. at 54th St. (PL 5-3400)—Lucite and indirect lighting in their most luxuriant state. Dick Gasparre's orchestra and a rumba band.

El Morocco, 154 E. 54th St. (EL 5-8769)—Chauncey Gray's orchestra (to be replaced on Monday, Jan. 6, by Joseph D'Andrea's) and Chiquito's rumba band.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (RE 4-5900)—Charles Reader's orchestra and a rumba band back up a little show in the stately Cotillion Room. . . . ¶ In the Café Pierre, a small orchestra plays for tea dancing daily and during dinner and supper.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 3-1740)—Hildegarde, at dinner and supper, making everybody in the Persian Room pleasantly uncomfortable. Hal Kanner's and Mark Monte's orchestras.

Ritz-Carlton, Madison Ave. at 46th St. (PL 3-4600)—Larry Siry's string orchestra turns out graceful, unobtrusive dinner music in the Oval Room until ten-thirty.

St. Regis, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—The Iridium Room has its perennial ice show, pretty as always and still kicking up a fine, frozen spray over the ringside customers. Paul Sparr's and Theodora's orchestras for dancing. . . . ¶ Two small dance orchestras are downstairs, in the Maisonette.

Savoy-Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (VO 5-2600)—Barry Winton's orchestra and Clemente's marimba band supply lush dance music in the Café Lounge for a glossy clientele. Tea dancing daily.

Stork Club, 3 E. 53rd St. (PL 3-1940)—Payson Ré's orchestra and a rumba band alternate for dancing.

Versailles, 151 E. 50th St. (PL 8-0310)—Jean Sablon, in just the right kind of lavish setting for the romantic Paris ballads he sings so suavely. Emile Petti's orchestra and Panchito's rumba band.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—In the Wedgwood Room, after the theatre, Pat O'Malley and other entertainment. Emil Coleman's orchestra plays for dinner and supper, with Mischa Borr's rumba band helping out around midnight. . . . ¶ Michael Zarin's orchestra is in the Flamingo Room.

SMALL AND CHEERFUL

DRAKE, 71 E. 56th St. (WI 2-0600): In the sedate and opulent Drake Room, sotto-voce piano by Cy Walter after nine o'clock. Paul

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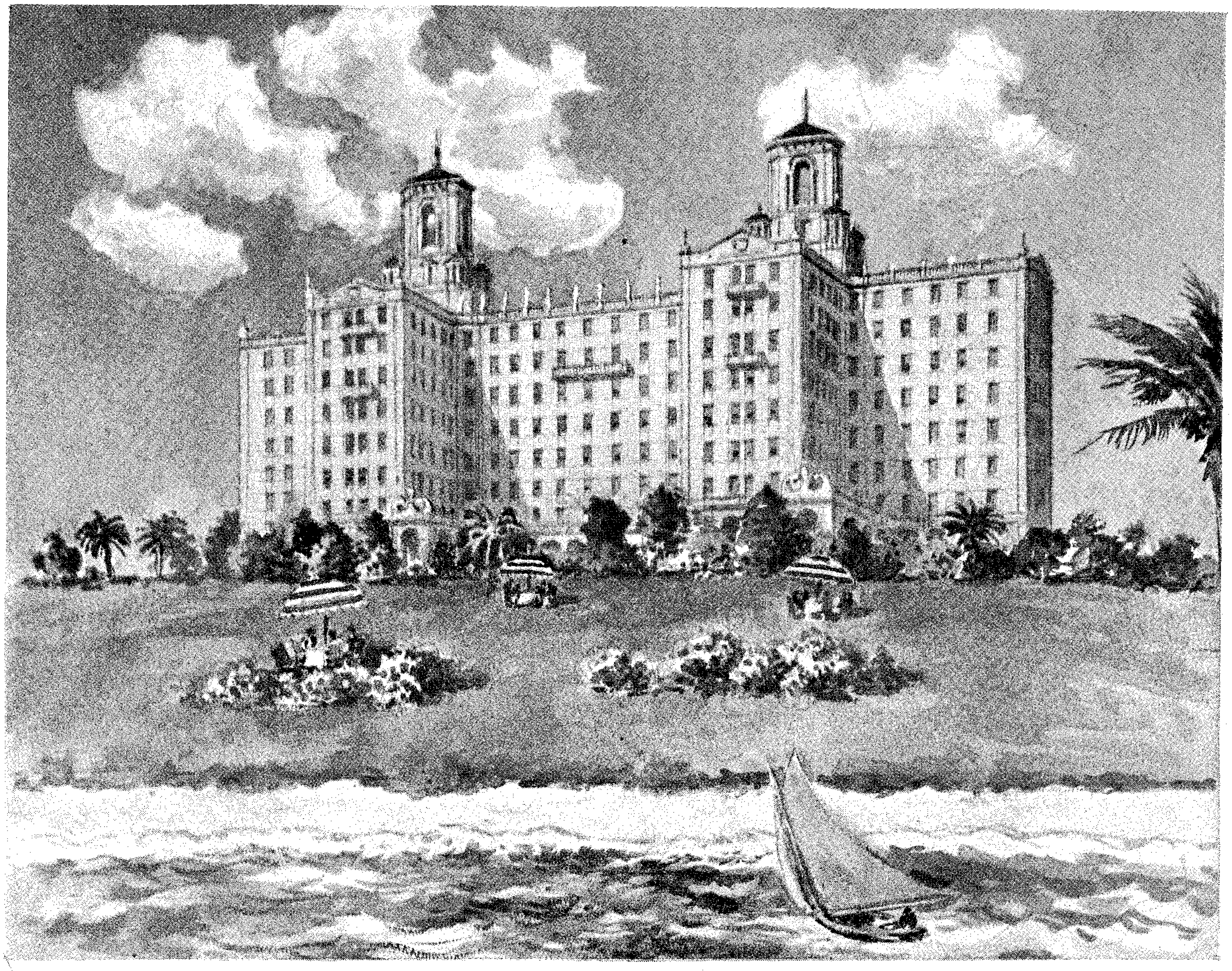

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Berlin takes a spell at cocktails and dinner. ... **COQ ROUGE**, 65 E. 56th St. (PL 3-8887): Dick Wilson's orchestra and Ralph Rotgers' rumba band playing jauntily for dancing in a well-groomed setting.... **1-2-3 CLUB**, 123 E. 54th St. (PL 3-9131): Roger Stearns' piano solos, half submerged in murmurous small talk; no dancing.... **CASINO RUSSE**, 157 W. 56th St. (CI 6-6116): Lively entertainment, full of Slavic shouts and violins; dance music for the patrons, too.... **MADISON**, Madison Ave. at 58th St. (VO 5-5000): Placid and unpretentious, with Sonny Kendis's dance orchestra until nine.... **ARMANDO'S**, 54 E. 55th St. (PL 3-0760): Jacques Thaler at the piano, after nine-thirty, in this ageless holdover from another day; no dancing.... **ST. MORITZ**, 50 Central Park S. (WI 2-5800): A becalmed little place, stirred gently from time to time by the music of Ford Harrison's orchestra.... **EL CHICO**, 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): Sometimes more New York than Spanish, but the music has that old Spanish bounce.... **CAFÉ SOCIETY DOWNTOWN**, 2 Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-2737): A show that seems to be rather meagre just now, and dance music by J. C. Heard's orchestra.... **VILLAGE VANGUARD**, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): This old and honored dugout is made inviting by the presence of Maxine Sullivan.

BIG AND BRASSY

CARNIVAL, Eighth Ave. at 51st St. (CI 6-4122): *Closed until Thursday, Jan.* 9, *when Olsen* and Johnson will blow in.... **COPACABANA**, 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-1060): Joe E. Lewis will not be around after Thursday, Jan. 2, but the floor show, bolstered by the dance team of Raye and Naldi, will go right on; Michael Durso's orchestra and Frank Marti's rumba band for dancing.

SUPPER CLUBS

(Entertainment but no dancing.)

BLUE ANGEL, 152 E. 55th St. (PL 3-5998): Vicente Gomez, Stuart Ross, and the Ellis Larkin Trio—all of whom can do no wrong. ... **RUBAN BLEU**, 4 E. 56th St. (EL 5-9787): The Four Notes will be joined on Monday, Jan. 6, by Joseph Marais and Miranda, and other entertainers.... **SPIVY'S ROOF**, 139 E. 57th St. (EL 5-9215): Spivy performs late in the evening in this venerable rookery, and the Three Flames contribute their special kind of lively music.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

EDDIE CONDON'S, 47 W. 3rd St. (GR 3-8736): Some of jazz music's most rugged individualists, among them Max Kaminsky, Pee Wee Russell, and Joe Sullivan. Tuesday night is an untrammelled free-for-all, with performers from the outlands dropping in to take a hand. ... **NICK'S**, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (CH 2-6683): Muggsy Spanier, Miff Mole, Ernie Caceres, and their colleagues, all blowing good and loud.... **DIXON'S**, 131 W. 52nd St. (CO 5-0572): The Joe Mooney Quartet showing how New Jersey bar-and-grill folk music can be raised to really distinguished heights by intelligent arrangements.... **JIMMY RYAN'S**, 53 W. 52nd St. (EL 5-9600): Tony Parenti and, on weekends, Georg Brunis, making a very satisfying racket in this familiar standby. ... **DOWNBEAT**, 66 W. 52nd St. (EL 5-8773): Billie Holiday, singing those long laments about the reversals of love, and Art Tatum's agile piano to cheer things up.... **FAMOUS DOOR**, 56 W. 52nd St. (EL 5-8148): Red Allen's orchestra.... **THREE DEUCES**, 72 W. 52nd St. (EL 5-9861): Slam Stewart's Trio.

MOSTLY FOR DANCING

COMMODORE, Lexington Ave. at 42nd St. (MU 6-6000): Ray McKinley's orchestra.... **ESSEX HOUSE**, 160 Central Park S. (CI 7-0300): Pancho's orchestra.... **PENNSYLVANIA**, Seventh Ave. at 33rd St. (PE 6-5000): Jimmy Dorsey's orchestra.... **ROOSEVELT**, Madison Ave. at 45th St. (MU 6-9200): Guy Lombardo's orchestra.

ART

(Most galleries open around 10 A.M. and close between 5:30 and 6 P.M. on weekdays; some, as indicated below, are open in the evenings and/or on Sundays as well.)

ART OF THIS CENTURY, 30 W. 57th St.—Abstract paintings by Helen Schwinger and Marjorie McKee; through Jan. 11.

BEN-ZION—A small show of oils and gouaches on Biblical themes. (Bertha Schaefer, 32 E. 57th St.; through Jan. 4.)

CHRISTIAN BÉRARD—First showing in years of paintings by an artist who, in the twenties, was one of the most promising of the Paris Surrealists; also, constructions by Joseph Cornell. (Hugo, 26 E. 55th St.; through Jan. 4.)

PIERRE BONNARD—Fifteen paintings brought over from France for this exhibition. (Bignou, 32 E. 57th St.; through Jan. 25.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—A memorial show of paintings by Theodore Robinson, an American disciple of Monet; through Jan. 5.... ¶ First editions of Piranesi's etchings "The Prisons;" through Feb. 23. (Weekdays, 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sundays, 1 to 5 P.M.)

DAVID BURLIUK—New paintings, done, as usual, in his bewildering mixture of Impressionism, Surrealism, and Expressionism. (A.C.A., 63 E. 57th St.; through Jan. 11.)

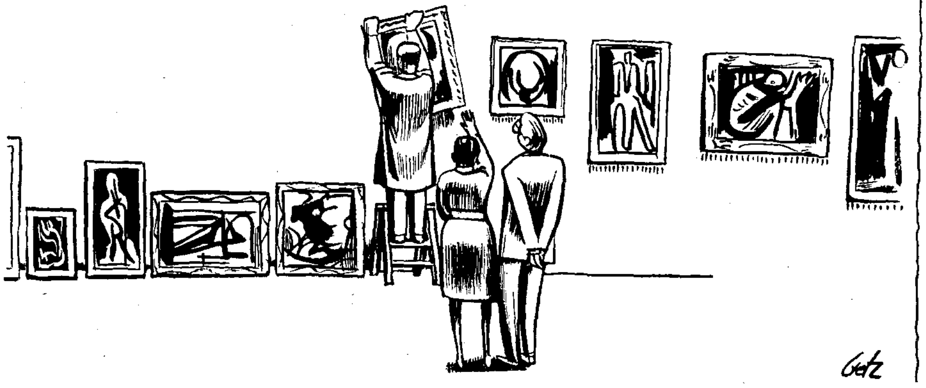
PAUL DELVAUX—One of the early Belgian Surrealists, in his first full-scale showing here. (Julien Levy, 42 E. 57th St.; through Jan. 11.)

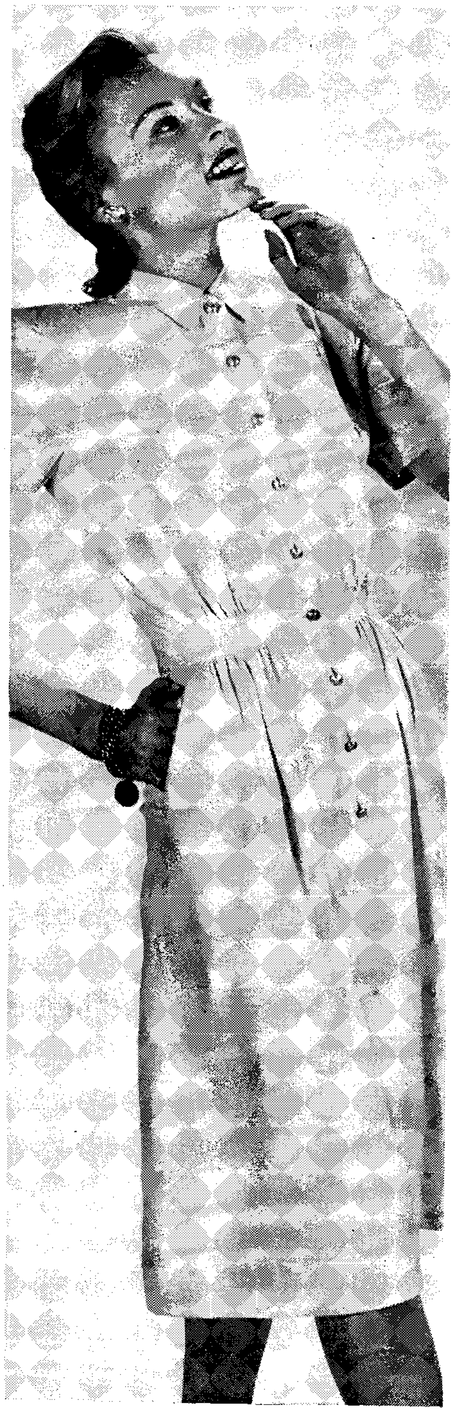
BURGOYNE DILLER—Paintings and constructions that may remind you of Mondrian. (Pinacotheca, 20 W. 58th St.; weekdays, 2 to 5 P.M.; through Jan. 18.)

DAVID ELLINGER—Naïve paintings by a modern primitive from Pennsylvania. (Weyhe, 794 Lexington Ave., at 61st St.; through Jan. 2.)

FRENCH—An exhibition of French art, held concurrently at seven galleries for the benefit of American Aid to France; through Jan. 11. At the **BIGNOU**, 32 E. 57th St.: Five gouaches and three oils by Rouault, shown for the first time in this country.... **CARSTAIRS**, 11 E. 57th St.: Paintings by Dufy, Cézanne, Pissarro, and others.... **DURAND-RUEL**, 12 E. 57th St.: Nine paintings by Renoir, including several never shown here before.... **DUVEEN**, 720 Fifth Ave. at 56th St.: French eighteenth-century Sèvres porcelain and inlaid furniture.... **KNOEDLER**, 14 E. 57th St.: Paintings by Watteau, Ingres, and Cézanne, as well as by some contemporary artists.... **ROSENBERG**, 16 E. 57th St.: Paintings by Manet, lent by private collectors.... **WILDENSTEIN**, 19 E. 64th St.: Medieval and Renaissance paintings.

GROUPS—At the **AMERICAN BRITISH ART CENTER**, 44 W. 56th St.: Water colors, drawings, and prints by Picasso, Dufy, Braque, and many others; through Jan. 4.... **ASSOCIATED AMERI-**





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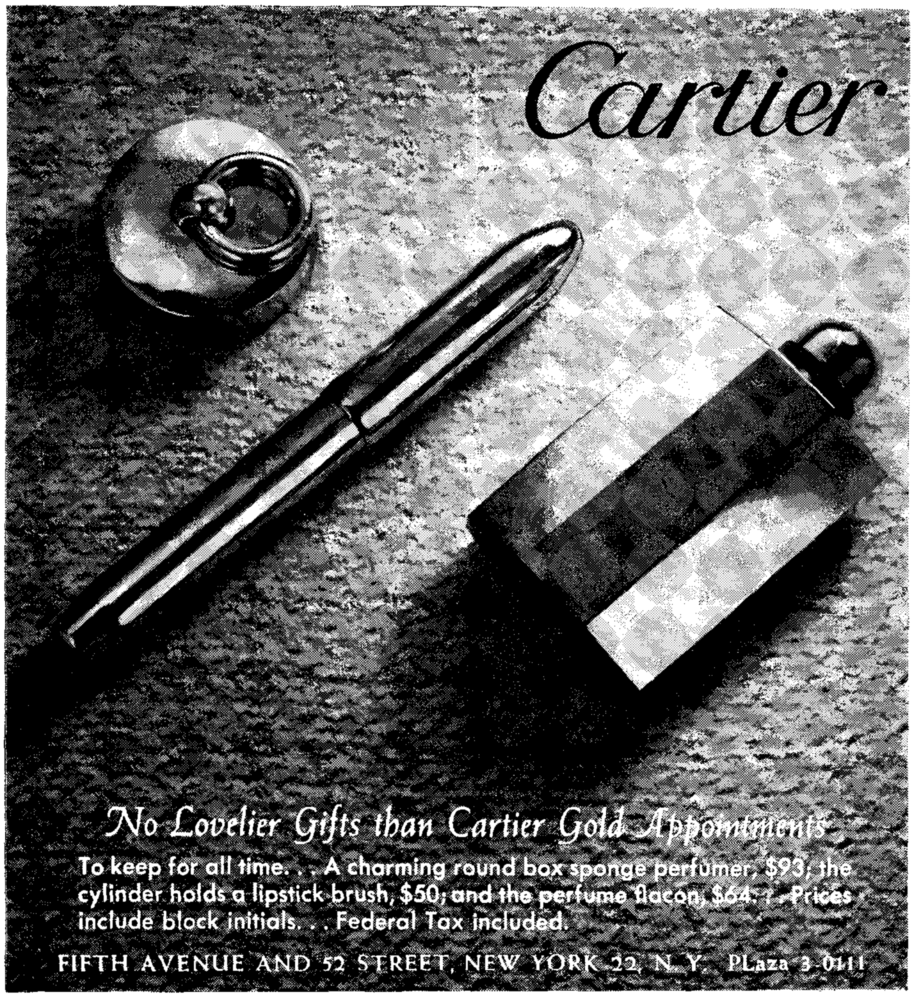
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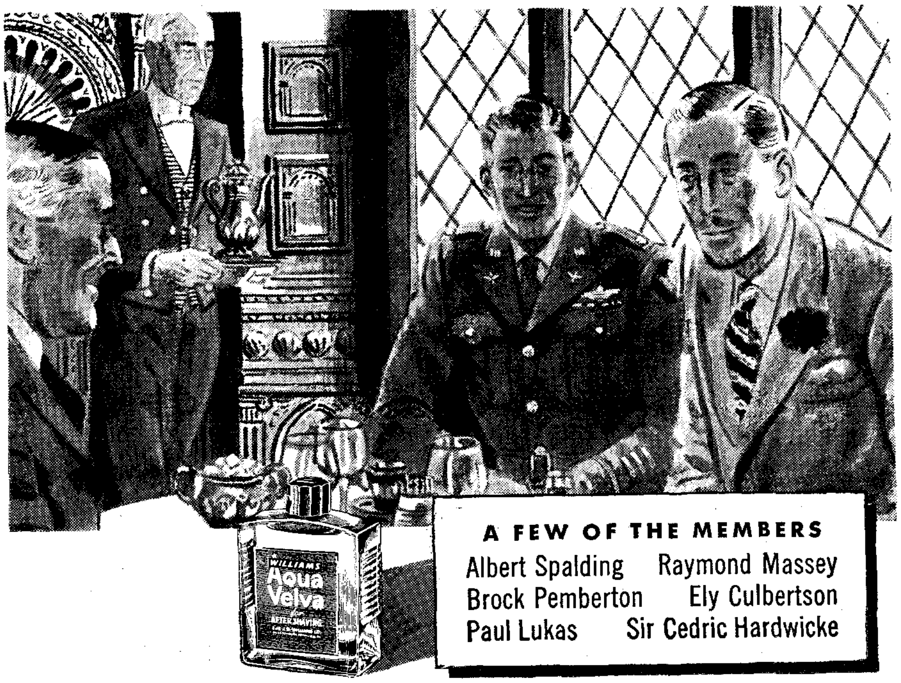

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

CAN ARTISTS, 711 Fifth Ave., at 55th St.: Work by this gallery's regulars, including Joe Jones, Sigmund Menkes, and Chaim Gross; through Jan. 18. . . . **BABCOCK**, 38 E. 57th St.: Oils and water colors by Will Barnet, Sol Wilson, and others; through Jan. 4. . . . **CHINESE**, 38 E. 57th St.: Drawings and small sculptures by members of the Federation of Modern Painters and Sculptors; through Jan. 3. . . . **DOWNTOWN**, 32 E. 51st St.: Paintings and sculptures by David Fredenthal, William Zorach, and others; through Jan. 4. . . . **KOOTZ**, 15 E. 57th St.: Abstract water colors by Romare Bearden, Byron Browne, Carl Holty, and others; through Jan. 4. . . . **KRAUSHAAR**, 32 E. 57th St.: Drawings and water colors by John Sloan, John Heliker, and others; through Jan. 4. . . . **LEVITT**, 16 W. 57th St.: Work by Everett Spruce, José de Rivera, Isaac Muse, and others of this gallery's group; through Jan. 4. . . . **MATISSE**, 41 E. 57th St.: Paintings by twentieth-century artists, including Matisse, Rouault, and Miró; through Jan. 4. . . . **NIVEAU**, 63 E. 57th St.: Oils and gouaches by Dufy and Utrillo, as well as other paintings recently acquired by the gallery; through Jan. 30.

RICHARD GUGGENHEIMER—Summer on an island in the Bay of Fundy, recorded in pastels. (Passedoit, 121 E. 57th St.; through Jan. 4.)

FREDERICK HAUCKE—Recent paintings. (Perls, 32 E. 58th St.; through Jan. 25.)

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—The Mansfield Collection of Japanese prints; through Jan. 5. . . . ¶ An extensive display of antique costumes and finery; through Feb. 28. (Weekdays, 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sundays, 1 to 5 P.M.)

MODERN EUROPEAN—Paintings and sculptures by Max Beckmann, Henry Moore, Henri Matisse, and others. (Buchholz, 32 E. 57th St.; through Jan. 28.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—Sculptures and drawings by Henry Moore; through March 16. . . . ¶ Lithographs by Toulouse-Lautrec and aquatints by Picasso; through Jan. 12. (Weekdays, 12 noon to 7 P.M.; Thursdays until 10 P.M.; Sundays, 1 to 7 P.M.)

WOLFGANG PAALEN—Abstract paintings. (Nierendorf, 53 E. 57th St.; through Jan. 6.)

ANNE RYAN—Colored woodcuts. (Marquié, 16 W. 57th St.; through Jan. 18.)

SCULPTURE—At the **AMERICAN BRITISH ART CENTER**, 44 W. 56th St.: A sculpture apiece by forty-seven contemporary Americans; through Jan. 4. . . . **CLAY CLUB**, 4 W. 8th St.: This gallery's annual roundup of small sculptures; Mondays through Fridays, 2 to 5 and 7 to 10 P.M.; Saturdays, 2 to 5 P.M.; through Jan. 10.

WHITNEY MUSEUM, 10 W. 8th St.—The Museum's yearly show of work by contemporary Americans. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5 P.M.; through Jan. 19.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Carnegie Hall is CI 7-7460; for Town Hall, it's BR 9-9447; and for the Metropolitan Opera House, it's PE 6-1210. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

METROPOLITAN OPERA—"Le Nozze di Figaro," with Bidu Sayao, Ezio Pinza, and Salvatore Baccaloni; Thursday afternoon, Jan. 2, at 2 (a benefit for the Near East College Association). . . . ¶ "Carmen," with Risë Stevens, Raoul Jobin, and Licia Albanese; Thursday evening, Jan. 2, at 8. . . . ¶ "Lucia di Lammermoor," with Lily Pons, Thelma Votipka, and Jan Peerce; Friday evening, Jan. 3, at 8:30. . . . ¶ "Faust," with Jussi Bjoerling, Ezio Pinza, and Renée Mazella; Saturday afternoon, Jan. 4, at 2. . . . ¶ "Tristan und Isolde," with Torsten Ralf, Astrid Varnay, and Joel Berglund; Saturday evening, Jan. 4, at 8. . . . ¶ "Boris Godunoff," with Ezio Pinza and Risë Stevens; Monday evening, Jan. 6, at 8. . . . ¶ "Der Rosenkavalier," with Irene Jessner, Emanuel List, and Jarmila Novotna; Wednesday evening, Jan. 8, at 8. . . . ¶ "Otello," with Torsten Ralf, Lawrence Tibbett, and Stella Roman; Thursday evening, Jan. 9, at 8. . . . ¶ "La Bohème," with Licia Albanese and Ferruccio Tagliavini; Friday evening, Jan. 10, at 8:30. . . . ¶ "The War-

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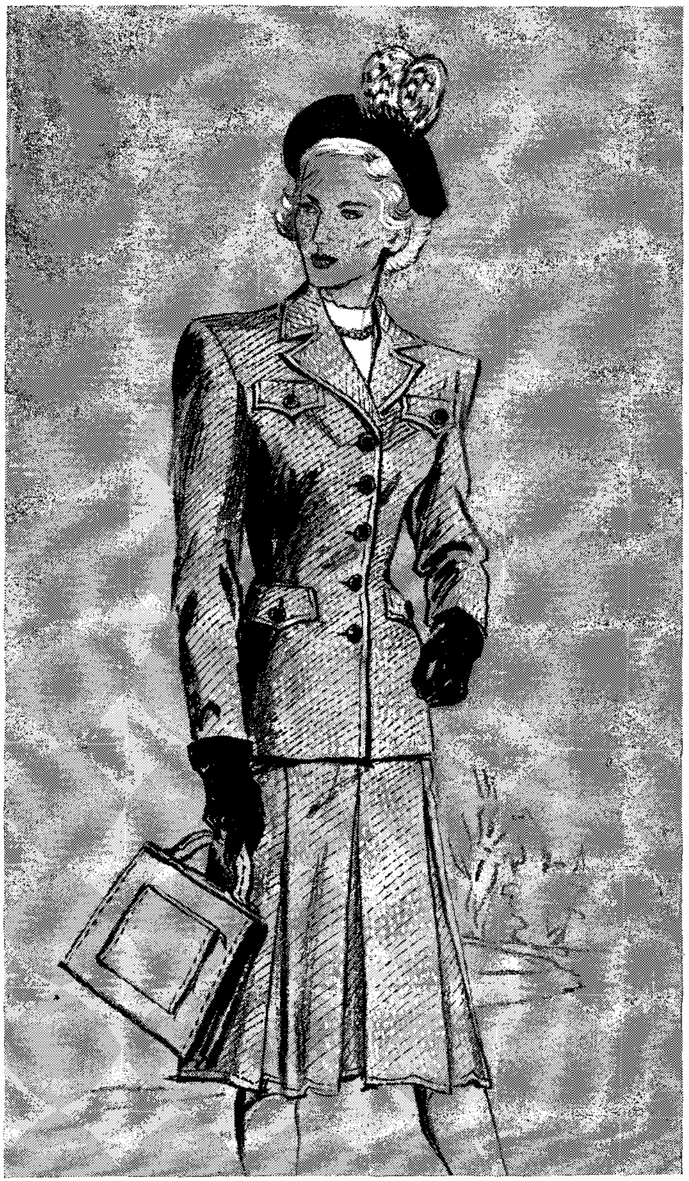

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

rior" (première), with Regina Resnik and Mack Harrell, and "Hansel and Gretel," with Risë Stevens and Nadine Conner; Saturday afternoon, Jan. 11, at 2. . . . ¶ "Aïda," with Stella Roman, Blanche Thebom, and Kurt Baum; Saturday evening, Jan. 11, at 8:15.

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

PHILHARMONIC-SYMPHONY—Carnegie Hall—Leopold Stokowski conducting: Thursday evening, Jan. 2, at 8:45; Friday afternoon, Jan. 3, at 2:30; and Sunday afternoon, Jan. 5, at 3; all with Jacques Thibaud, violin soloist. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Jan. 9, at 8:45; Friday afternoon, Jan. 10, at 2:30; and Saturday evening, Jan. 11, at 8:45; all with Eugene List, piano soloist.

PHILADELPHIA ORCHESTRA—George Szell conducting. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday evening, Jan. 7, at 8:30.)

BOSTON SYMPHONY—Serge Koussevitzky conducting. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday evening, Jan. 8, at 8:30, and Saturday afternoon, Jan. 11, at 2:30. . . . ¶ Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Friday evening, *Jan. 10, at 8:30.)*

NATIONAL ORCHESTRAL ASSOCIATION—Leon Barzin conducting, with Jacques Abram, piano soloist. (Carnegie Hall. Monday evening, Jan. 6, at 8:45; for tickets, call CI 7-1228.)

JAZZ CONCERT—Eddie Condon and friends, including Max Kaminsky, Joe Sullivan, and Bud Freeman. (Town Hall. Saturday afternoon, Jan. 4, at 5:30.)

RECITALS

ALEXANDER BRAILOWSKY—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Friday evening, Jan. 3, at 8:30.)

JANOS SCHOLZ—Cello. (Town Hall. Friday evening, Jan. 3, at 8:30.)

LOUISE BERNHARDT—Contralto. (Town Hall. Saturday afternoon, Jan. 4, at 3.)

ANDOR FOLDES—Piano. (Music School Settlement, 55 E. 3rd St. Saturday evening, Jan. 4, at 8:30. For information about tickets, call OR 4-3103.)

RICHARD TAUBER—Tenor. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday evening, Jan. 4, at 8:30.)

KARIN BRANZELL—Contralto. (Town Hall. Sunday afternoon, *Jan. 5, at 3.)*

NEW FRIENDS OF MUSIC—The Budapest String Quartet; Benar Heifetz, cello; and Milton Katims, viola. (Town Hall. Sunday afternoon, Jan. 5, at 5:30.)

MARIAN ANDERSON—Contralto. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday evening, Jan. 5, at 8:30.)

HERTA GLAZ—Contralto. (Town Hall. Sunday evening, Jan. 5, at 8:30.)

PAUL ROBESON—Baritone. (Kaufmann Auditorium, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. AT 9-2400, Ext. 22. Sunday evening, Jan. 5, at 8:40.)

EDMUND KURTZ—Cello. (Town Hall. Tuesday evening, Jan. 7, at 8:30.)

VLADIMIR HOROWITZ—Piano. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Tuesday evening, Jan. 7, at 8:30.)

JAMES FRISKIN—Piano. (Town Hall. Wednesday evening, Jan. 8, at 8:30.)

ALICE HOWLAND—Mezzo-soprano. (Times Hall, 240 W. 44th St. LA 4-1000, Ext. 362. Wednesday evening, Jan. 8, at 8:30.)

ALBENERI TRIO—Chamber music. (Kaufmann Auditorium, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. AT 9-2400, Ext. 22. Wednesday evening, Jan. 8, at 8:40.)

SIDNEY FOSTER—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Friday evening, Jan. 10, at 8:40.)

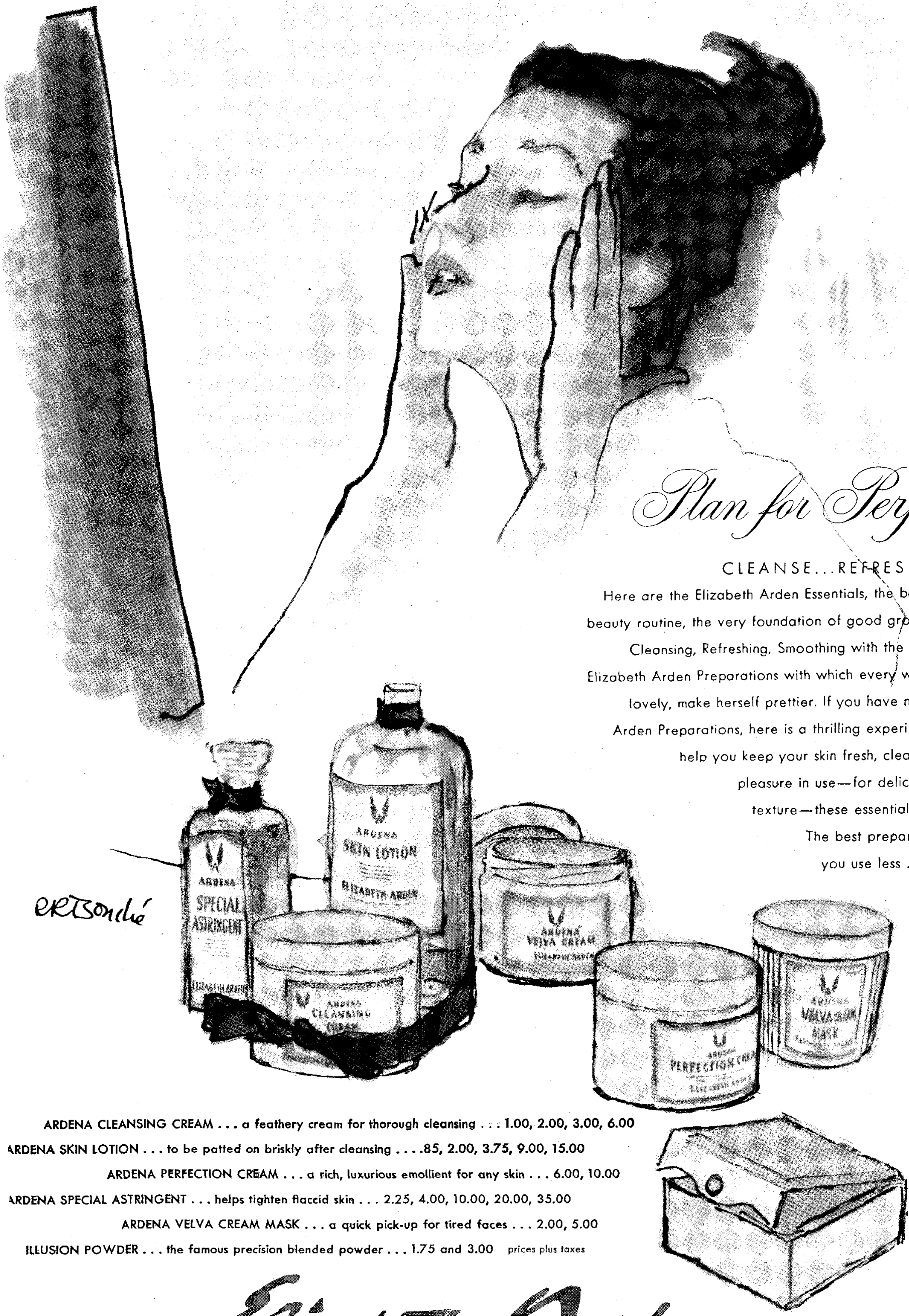
HORTENSE MONATH—Piano. (Town Hall. Friday evening, Jan. 10, at 8:30.)

FREDELL LACK—Violin. (Town Hall. Saturday afternoon, Jan. 11, at 3.)

GIUSEPPE DE LUCA—Baritone. (Town Hall. Saturday evening, Jan. 11, at 8:30.)

BENEFIT CONCERT—Paul Robeson, Ella Logan, and others, in a program for the benefit of Sydenham Hospital. (Town Hall. Saturday evening, Jan. 11, at 11:30.)

NOTE—William Primrose, viola, will give a concert at the Frick Collection (1 E. 70th St., BU 8-0700) on Sunday afternoon, Jan. 5, at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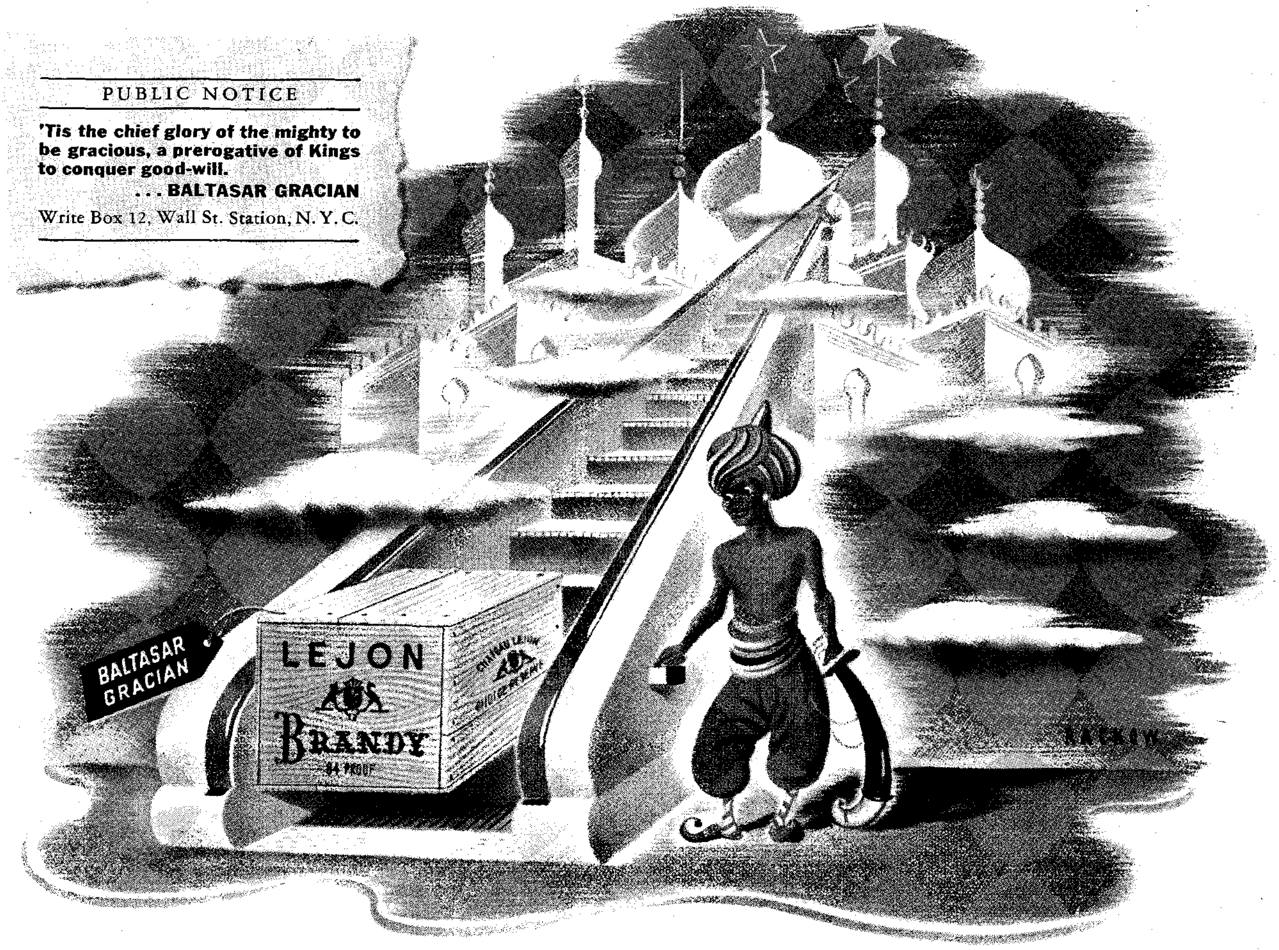

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

3. Tickets will be issued on Tuesday, Dec. 31, in order of written application. Applications must be received on Tuesday morning, and a separate request must be made for each ticket.

SPORTS

College Basketball—St. John's vs. Rhode Island State, and N.Y.U. vs. Southern Methodist, Saturday, Jan. 4.... ¶ C.C.N.Y. vs. St. John's, and L.I.U. vs. Utah State, Tuesday, Jan. 7.... ¶ N.Y.U. vs. Duke, and St. Francis vs. West Virginia, Thursday, Jan. 9.... ¶ C.C.N.Y. vs. St. Joseph's, and St. John's vs. Manhattan, Saturday, Jan. 11. (Madison Square Garden. CO 5-6811. Games begin at 8 P.M.)

Boxing—Tony Janiro vs. Tony Pellone, welterweights, 10 rounds. (Madison Square Garden. CO 5-6811. Friday, Jan. 10; preliminaries at 8:30 P.M.; main bout at 10.)

Fencing—Women's All-Eastern Intermediate Foil Championship. (Fencers Club, 320 E. 53rd St. EL 5-8898. Tuesday, Jan. 7, at 7 P.M.)

Hockey—Rangers vs. Toronto, Thursday, Jan. 2.... ¶ Rangers vs. Chicago, Sunday, Jan. 5.... ¶ Rangers vs. Boston, Wednesday, Jan. 8. (Madison Square Garden. CO 5-6811. Games begin at 8:30 P.M.)

Horse Show—The Ox Ridge Hunt Club Horse Show. (Darien, Conn. Saturday, Jan. 4.)

Indoor Polo—The Essex Troop vs. Squadron A, and Red Bank vs. Bethpage. (Squadron A Armory, Madison Ave. at 94th St. AT 9-6020. Saturday, Jan. 4, at 8:30 P.M.)

OTHER EVENTS

United Nations Meetings—If you are thinking of attending a meeting of the Security Council or the Atomic Energy Commission at Lake Success, it is a good idea to call FIeldstone 7-1100, Ext. 2126, around 3 in the afternoon of the day before you want to go, to find out when and where the next session is to be held. Fifty-odd unofficial spectators are permitted to attend the open meetings. Trains to Great Neck are met at regular intervals by buses to Lake Success.

Illuminated Manuscripts—Medieval miniatures on vellum, illustrating the story of Christmas. (Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St. Weekdays, 9 A.M. to 5 P.M.)

Native Carvings—A display showing the use of decorative carvings by such primitive peoples as the Maoris and the Northwest Coast Indians, as well as by the highly cultivated Chinese. The articles range from a purely functional earplug to a more frivolous totem pole. (Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St. Weekdays, 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sundays, 1 to 5 P.M.)

Browning Collection—Memorabilia of Robert and Elizabeth Barrett Browning, in a show commemorating the hundredth anniversary of their marriage. (Room 318, New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St. Weekdays, 9:30 A.M. to 5 P.M.)

Planetarium—The current demonstration is called "Winter Constellations." (Hayden Planetarium, Central Park W. at 81st St. Mondays through Fridays at 2, 3:30, and 8:30 P.M.; Saturdays and Sundays at 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30 P.M. Extra performance Saturdays at 11 A.M.)

Museum of Modern Art Film Library—The Museum (11 W. 53rd St.) is showing old movies from its collection on the following schedule: "Beau Geste" (1926), with Ronald Colman and William Powell; Thursday, Jan. 2, at 4 and 8 P.M. only.... ¶ "Moana" (1926), directed and photographed by Robert Flaherty; Friday through Sunday, Jan. 3-5.... ¶ "Sunrise" (1927), with Janet Gaynor; and "Hands" (1928); Monday through Wednesday, Jan. 6-8, at 4 P.M.; Thursday, Jan. 9, at 4 and 8 P.M.... ¶ "Big Business" (1929), with Laurel and Hardy; and "The General" (1927), with Buster Keaton; starting Friday, Jan. 10. Showings, except as noted above, are held weekdays at 3 and 5:30 P.M., Thursday evenings at 8, and Sundays at 1:30, 3:30, and 5:30 P.M.

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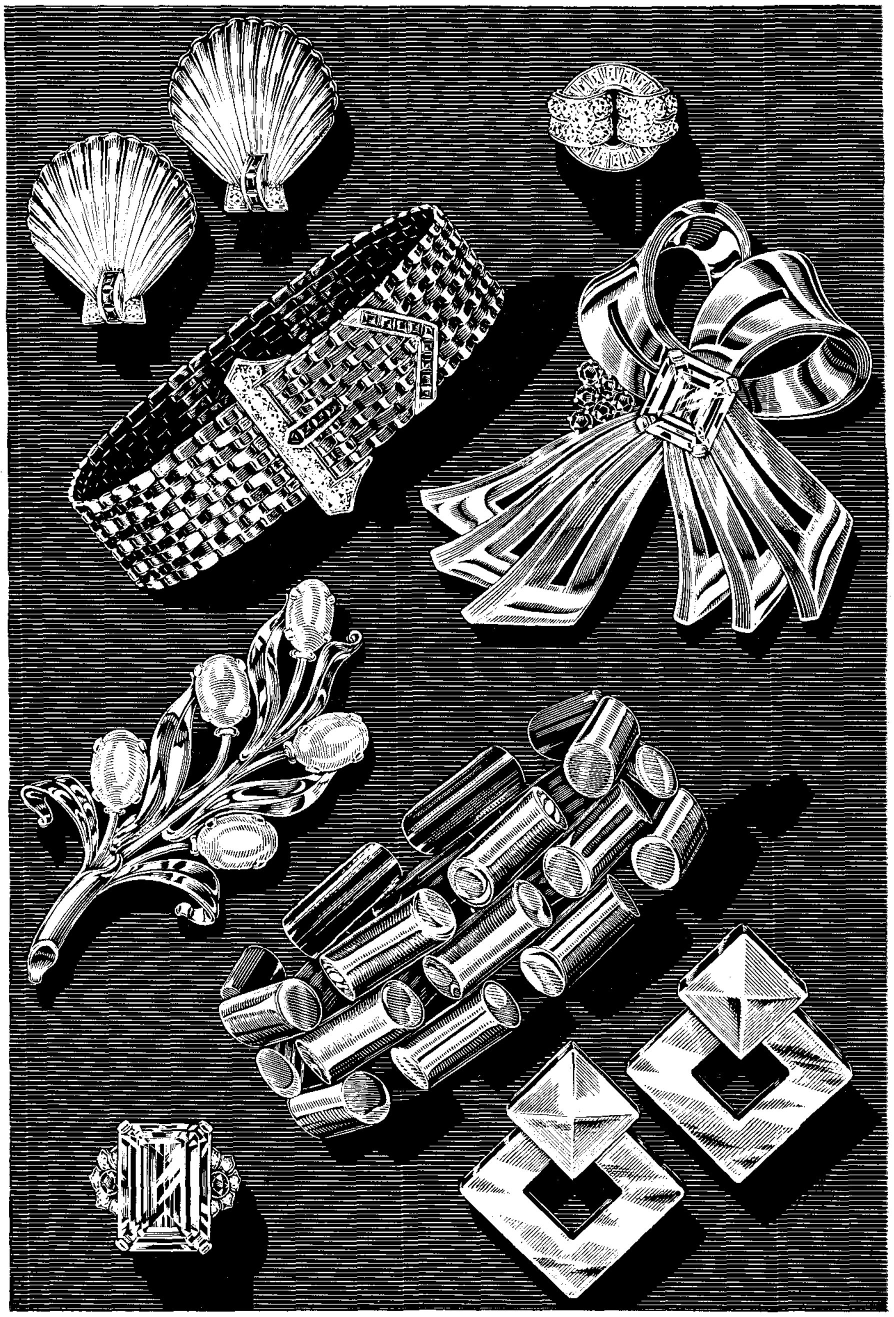

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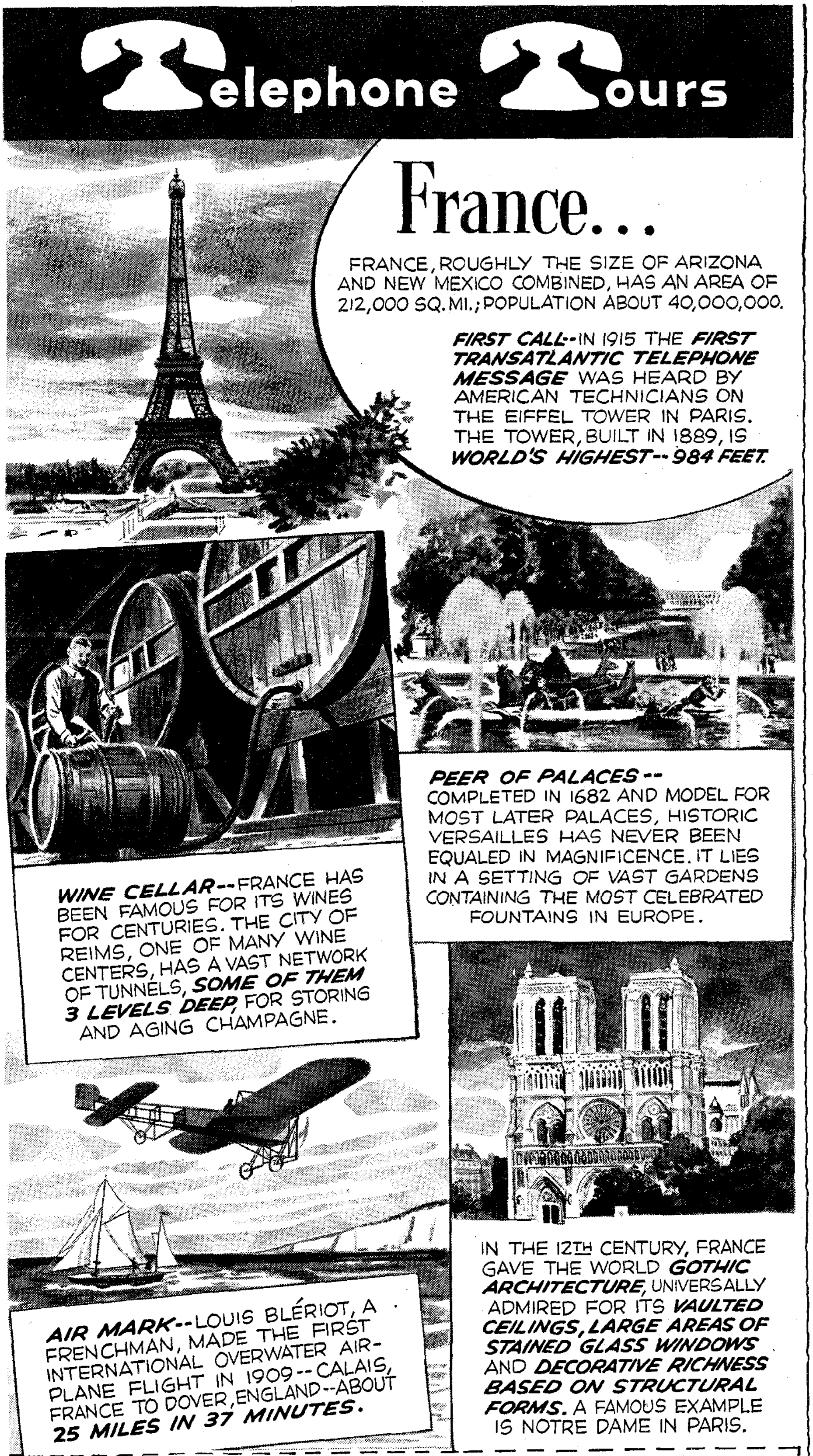

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FIRST CALL--IN 1915 THE ***FIRST TRANSATLANTIC TELEPHONE MESSAGE*** WAS HEARD BY AMERICAN TECHNICIANS ON THE EIFFEL TOWER IN PARIS. THE TOWER, BUILT IN 1889, IS ***WORLD'S HIGHEST--984 FEET.***

PEER OF PALACES--COMPLETED IN 1682 AND MODEL FOR MOST LATER PALACES, HISTORIC VERSAILLES HAS NEVER BEEN EQUALED IN MAGNIFICENCE. IT LIES IN A SETTING OF VAST GARDENS CONTAINING THE MOST CELEBRATED FOUNTAINS IN EUROPE.

WINE CELLAR--FRANCE HAS BEEN FAMOUS FOR ITS WINES FOR CENTURIES. THE CITY OF REIMS, ONE OF MANY WINE CENTERS, HAS A VAST NETWORK OF TUNNELS, ***SOME OF THEM 3 LEVELS DEEP,*** FOR STORING AND AGING CHAMPAGNE.

IN THE 12TH CENTURY, FRANCE GAVE THE WORLD ***GOTHIC ARCHITECTURE,*** UNIVERSALLY ADMIRED FOR ITS ***VAULTED CEILINGS, LARGE AREAS OF STAINED GLASS WINDOWS*** AND ***DECORATIVE RICHNESS BASED ON STRUCTURAL FORMS.*** A FAMOUS EXAMPLE IS NOTRE DAME IN PARIS.

AIR MARK--LOUIS BLÉRIOT, A FRENCHMAN, MADE THE FIRST INTERNATIONAL OVERWATER AIRPLANE FLIGHT IN 1909--CALAIS, FRANCE TO DOVER, ENGLAND--ABOUT ***25 MILES IN 37 MINUTES.***

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Ogden L. Mills and others. (Parke-Bernet Galleries, 30 E. 57th St.; Friday, Jan. 3, at 2 P.M.) ... ¶ European Renaissance paintings, and work by such French eighteenth-century artists as Greuze and Watteau, together with French eighteenth-century furniture, owned by the late Ernst Rosenfeld. (Parke-Bernet Galleries; Saturday, Jan. 4, at 2 P.M.) ... ¶ Prints and drawings by Ingres, Daumier, Toulouse-Lautrec, and other major artists, from the collection of Mrs. George A. Martin. (Parke-Bernet Galleries; Tuesday and Wednesday, Jan. 7-8, at 8 P.M.)

ON THE AIR

OPENING OF CONGRESS—Friday, Jan. 3, at 12:30 P.M., WNBC.

UNITED NATIONS—The most important open sessions are broadcast over WNYC.

MUSIC—Metropolitan Opera: "Faust," with Jussi Bjoerling and Ezio Pinza, Saturday, Jan. 4; "The Warrior" (première), with Mack Harrell, and "Hansel and Gretel," with Risë Stevens, Saturday, Jan. 11; both at 2 P.M., WJZ.... ¶ Philharmonic-Symphony, Leopold Stokowski conducting, Sunday, Jan. 5, *at 3 P.M.*, WCBS.... ¶ *Philadelphia Orchestra*, George Szell conducting, Saturday, Jan. 4 and 11, at 5 P.M., WCBS.... ¶ Boston Symphony, Serge Koussevitzky conducting, Tuesday, Jan. 7, at 9:30 P.M., WJZ.... ¶ N.B.C. Symphony, Fritz Reiner conducting, Sunday, Jan. 5, at 5 P.M., WNBC.... ¶ Marian Anderson, contralto, Monday, Jan. 6, at 9 P.M., WNBC.... ¶ Raya Garbousova, cello, Sunday, Jan. 5, at 3 P.M., WNYC.

NEWS COMMENTATORS—Elmer Davis, Mondays through Fridays at 7:15 P.M., WJZ.... ¶ Fiorello LaGuardia, Sundays at 12 noon, WJZ.

COMING EVENTS

(A calendar for readers who plan a month or so ahead.)

COLLEGE BASKETBALL—The season continues at Madison Square Garden, with games scheduled about every third evening; no games between Jan. 21 and Feb. 18.

BOXING—Rocky Graziano vs. Ruben Shank. (Madison Square Garden, Jan. 20.)

HOCKEY—Professional games at Madison Square Garden on Jan. 12, 15, and 19, and Feb. 2.

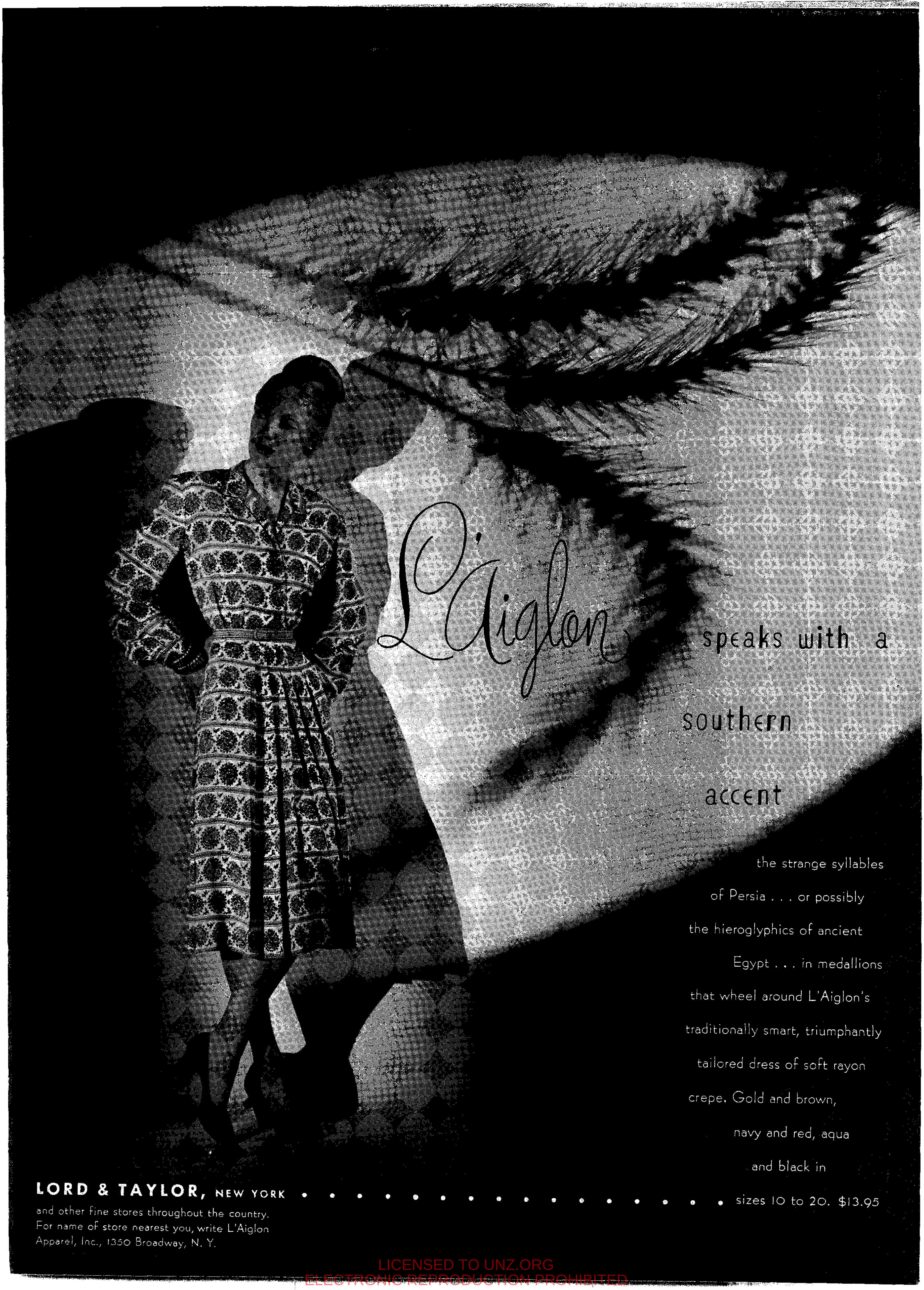
INDOOR POLO—Every Saturday evening at Squadron A Armory, Madison Ave. at 94th St.; the Metropolitan Senior Indoor Polo League Tournament, Jan. 18-Feb. 16.

TRACK—Millrose A.A. meet. (Madison Square Garden, Feb. 1.)

MUSIC—At **CARNEGIE HALL:** Efrem Zimbalist, violin, Jan. 14; Alexander Brailowsky, piano, Jan. 20; Jascha Heifetz, violin, Jan. 22. Leopold Stokowski will conduct the Philharmonic-Symphony through Jan. 22, when Charles Muench will take over.... **TOWN HALL:** Richard Tauber, tenor, Jan. 18; Lotte Lehmann, three lieder recitals, Jan. 19 and 26, and Feb. 2; Wanda Landowska, harpsichord, Jan. 26.... **METROPOLITAN OPERA:** Season continues.

THEATRE—Some productions scheduled to open during the next several weeks: Otto Kruger, Jessie Royce Landis, and Wallis Clark in "Little A," a play by Hugh White.... ¶ Bobby Clark in "Sweethearts," a revival of the Victor Herbert musical comedy.... ¶ "A Lady Passing Fair," a play written and directed by Harry Wagstaff Gribble, with a cast headed by Hilda Simms.... ¶ Dorothy Stickney in "Best of Spirits," a comedy by Martyn Coleman.... ¶ "A Young Man's Fancy," a comedy by Harry Thurschwell and Alfred Golden. The cast includes Sheila Bromley and David Durston.... ¶ "William Loves Mary," a new comedy by Norman Krasna, produced by Richard Rodgers, Oscar Hammerstein II, and Joshua Logan. William Prince, Tom Ewell, and Loring Smith have the leading roles.... ¶ "All My Sons," a play by Arthur Miller, directed by Elia Kazan. Beth Merrill and Arthur Kennedy are in the cast.

OTHER DATES—Sonja Henie in her annual ice show at Madison Square Garden, Jan. 23-30 and Feb. 3-11.... ¶ The last quarterly income-tax payment of 1946 is due on Jan. 15.



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED IN THIS SECTION AND APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE IN THE THEATRE SCHEDULES THAT FOLLOW

Brief Encounter—A cinema expansion of Noel Coward's one-act play "Still Life," produced by Mr. Coward and portrayed with sympathy by Celia Johnson and Trevor Howard. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th.)

Caesar and Cleopatra—The George Bernard Shaw play, happily transposed to the screen, with Claude Rains playing an affable and witty Caesar. It's a little long, perhaps, but brightened by Technicolor and Vivien Leigh. (Lexington, Lexington at 51st; Loew's 72nd St., 3rd Ave. at 72nd; Loew's 83rd St., B'way at 83rd; Olympia, B'way at 107th; and Loew's 175th St., B'way at 175th; starting Jan. 8.)

Henry V—A magnificent rendition of Shakespeare's historical drama. In the triple capacity of producer, director, and protagonist, Laurence Olivier is splendid, and the cast that supports him is pretty splendid, too. (Golden, 252 W. 45th; weekdays at 2:30 and 8:30; Sundays at 3 and 8:40.)

Jericho—An episode in the history of the French Resistance movement describing the reactions of fifty hostages to their probable doom in terms that are credible and frequently absorbing. (55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th.)

The Killers—Even Ernest Hemingway should not object to the manner in which his brief story has been lengthened to make a tense gangster film. (Trans-Lux 52nd St., Lexington at 52nd; through Jan. 3.)

Open City—A deeply moving film, made in Italy, that describes the functioning of the Italian underground. (World, 153 W. 49th.)

The Overlanders—A stimulating semi-documentary about the dramatic transfer of one thousand head of cattle on a fifteen-hundred-mile trek from the northern territory of Australia southeastward to Queensland during 1942 when the Japanese were just over the antipodean horizon. (Rialto, B'way at 42nd.)

Two Years Before the Mast—*All the good old* salty stuff is retained in this adaptation of the Richard Dana book about the American merchant marine in the eighteen-thirties. Howard da Silva is impressive as the master who is so hard that the masts shake when he roars. (Plaza, 42 E. 58th; through Jan. 5.... ¶ 8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th; Jan. 6-8.... ¶ Loew's 86th St., 3rd Ave. at 86th; Jan. 3-6.... ¶ Terrace, 9th Ave. at 23rd; starting Jan. 7.... ¶ Waverly, Ave. of Americas at 3rd; starting Jan. 8.)

The Well Digger's Daughter—A French film that treats seduction and its embarrassing consequences with lots of gaiety and understanding. The late Raimu is wonderful in the picture. (Avenue Playhouse, Ave. of Americas at 47th.)

REVIVALS

Arrowsmith (1931)—Sinclair Lewis's story, adapted for the screen by Sidney Howard. (Carlton, B'way at 100th; starting Jan. 7.)

Blithe Spirit (1945)—Ghostly doings cooked up by Noel Coward. Rex Harrison, Kay Hammond, and Constance Cummings. (Carlton, B'way at 100th; Jan. 2.... ¶ Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th; Jan. 3-6.)

Crime et Châtiment (1935)—Harry Baur in a French screen version of the Dostoevski novel. (Thalia, B'way at 95th; Jan. 2.)

Hymn of the Nations (1946)—Toscanini conducting Verdi's "Hymn." (68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th; starting Jan. 4.)

Kings Row (1942)—Ann Sheridan, Betty Field, Robert Cummings, and Claude Rains in a small town in the nineties. (R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th; R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th; R.K.O. 23rd St., 8th Ave. at 23rd; R.K.O. 81st St., B'way at 81st; Riverside, B'way at 96th; Nemo, B'way at 110th; and Coliseum, B'way at 181st; Jan. 6-7.)

Laura (1944)—Clifton Webb, Gene Tierney, and Dana Andrews deeply involved in murder. (Thalia, B'way at 95th; Jan. 3-6.)

The Magnificent Ambersons (1942)—Orson Welles' tricky treatment of the Tarkington novel. Dolores Costello and Joseph Cotten. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th; Jan. 2.)

My Favorite Wife (1940)—Irene Dunne as a female Enoch Arden and Cary Grant as her husband. (Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23rd; through Jan. 4.... ¶ Terrace, 9th Ave. at 23rd; Jan. 5-6.... ¶ Colony, 2nd Ave. at 79th; starting Jan. 7.)

Night Train (1940)—Carol Reed's thriller about spies, the Gestapo, and all. Margaret Lockwood and Rex Harrison. (Thalia, B'way at 95th; Jan. 3-6.)

Of Mice and Men (1940)—Burgess Meredith and Lon Chaney, Jr., as Steinbeck's ranch hands. Betty Field is the girl. (Loew's 86th St., 3rd Ave. at 86th; Jan. 7-8.)

Portrait of a Woman (1946)—In French, with Françoise Rosay playing four parts. (68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th; starting Jan. 4.)

Rebecca (1940)—Hitchcock's adaptation of Daphne du Maurier's novel. Joan Fontaine and Laurence Olivier. (Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th; Jan. 2.... ¶ Schuyler, Columbus at 84th; Jan. 7-8.)

The Silver Fleet (1945)—Ralph Richardson as a Dutch shipbuilder during the Nazi occupation. (Thalia, B'way at 95th; starting Jan. 7.)

Suspicion (1941)—Francis Iles' "Before the Fact," again done, as you might suspect, by Hitchcock. Joan Fontaine and Cary Grant. (Art, 36 E. 8th; Jan. 3-6.... ¶ Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th; Jan. 3-7.)

They Shall Have Music (1939)—Now called "Ragged Angels." Jascha Heifetz bringing music to the lower East Side. (Carlton, B'way at 100th; starting Jan. 7.)

Thunder Rock (1944)—The dreams of a disillusioned journalist in a Lake Michigan lighthouse. Michael Redgrave and Barbara Mullen. (Colony, 2nd Ave. at 79th; starting Jan. 7.)

Wonder Man (1945)—Danny Kaye as twins. Also with Allen Jenkins. (68th Street Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th; through Jan. 3.)

Wuthering Heights (1939)—Merle Oberon and Laurence Olivier on the Brontë moors. (Thalia, B'way at 95th; starting Jan. 7.)

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THE BIG HOUSES

Astor, B'way at 45th. (CI 6-4642)
"The Best Years of Our Lives," Myrna Loy, Fredric March, Dana Andrews.

Capitol, B'way at 51st. (CO 5-1250)
"The Secret Heart," Claudette Colbert, Walter Pidgeon, June Allyson.

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (BR 9-3839)
"Temptation," Merle Oberon, George Brent.

Globe, B'way at 46th. (CI 6-0800)
"It's a Wonderful Life," James Stewart.

Golden, 252 W. 45th. (CI 6-6740)
HENRY V.

Gotham, B'way at 47th. (CI 5-9516)
"Abie's Irish Rose," Joanne Dru, Richard Norris, Michael Chekhov.

Hollywood, B'way at 51st. (CI 7-5545)
"Humoresque," Joan Crawford, John Garfield.

Music Hall, Ave. of Americas at 50th. (CI 6-4600)
"Till the Clouds Roll By," all-star cast, including Robert Walker, Judy Garland, and Van Johnson.

Palace, B'way at 47th. (BR 9-4300)
"Song of the South," full-length Walt Disney film.

Paramount, B'way at 43rd. (BR 9-8738)
"Cross My Heart," Betty Hutton, Sonny Tufts.

Rialto, B'way at 42nd. (WI 7-0206)
THE OVERLANDERS.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
"My Darling Clementine," Henry Fonda, Linda Darnell.

Roxy, 7th Ave. at 50th. (CI 7-6000)
"The Razor's Edge," Tyrone Power, Gene Tierney.

State, B'way at 45th. (BR 9-1957)
Through Jan. 8: "The Return of Monte Cristo," Louis Hayward, Barbara Britton.

Strand, B'way at 47th. (CI 7-5900)
"The Time, the Place, and the Girl," Jack Carson, Dennis Morgan, Janis Paige.

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (CI 6-7429)
"The Beast with Five Fingers," Peter Lorre, Robert Alda.

Winter Garden, B'way at 50th. (CI 5-4878)
"The Wicked Lady," Margaret Lockwood, James Mason, Patricia Roc.

FOREIGN, SPECIAL, ETC.

Avenue Playhouse, Ave. of Americas at 47th. (BR 9-2659)
THE WELL DIGGER'S DAUGHTER.

5th Ave. Playhouse, 5th Ave. at 12th. (GR 5-9738)
"Queen for a Night" (in Swedish), Jussi Bjoerling; and "First Love" (in Swedish), revival, Ingrid Bergman.

55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th. (CO 5-9438)
JERICHO.

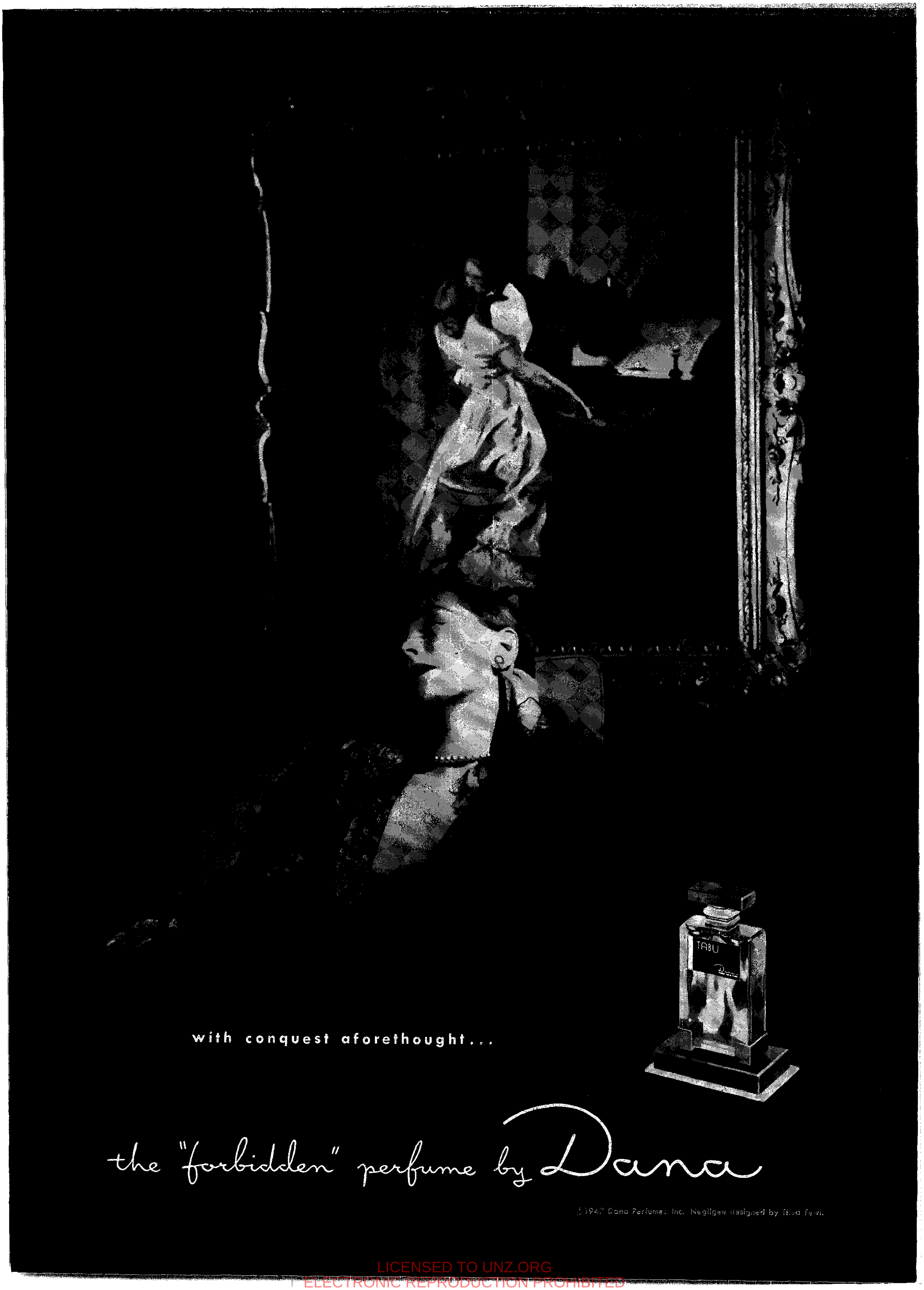
Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-1365)
BRIEF ENCOUNTER.

Park Avenue, Park at 59th. (PL 9-5087)
"Stairway to Heaven," David Niven, Kim Hunter, Roger Livesey. (Showings, Mondays through Fridays, at 2:30, 7:15, and 9:30 P.M.; Saturdays at 2:30, 5, 7:30, and 10 P.M.; and Sundays at 2, 4:30, 7, and 9:30 P.M.)

Republic, B'way at 51st. (CO 5-9647)
"The Story of the Pope," documentary film.

Stanley, 7th Ave. at 41st. (WI 7-9686)
"Stone Flower" (in Russian).

World, 153 W. 49th. (CI 7-5747)
OPEN CITY.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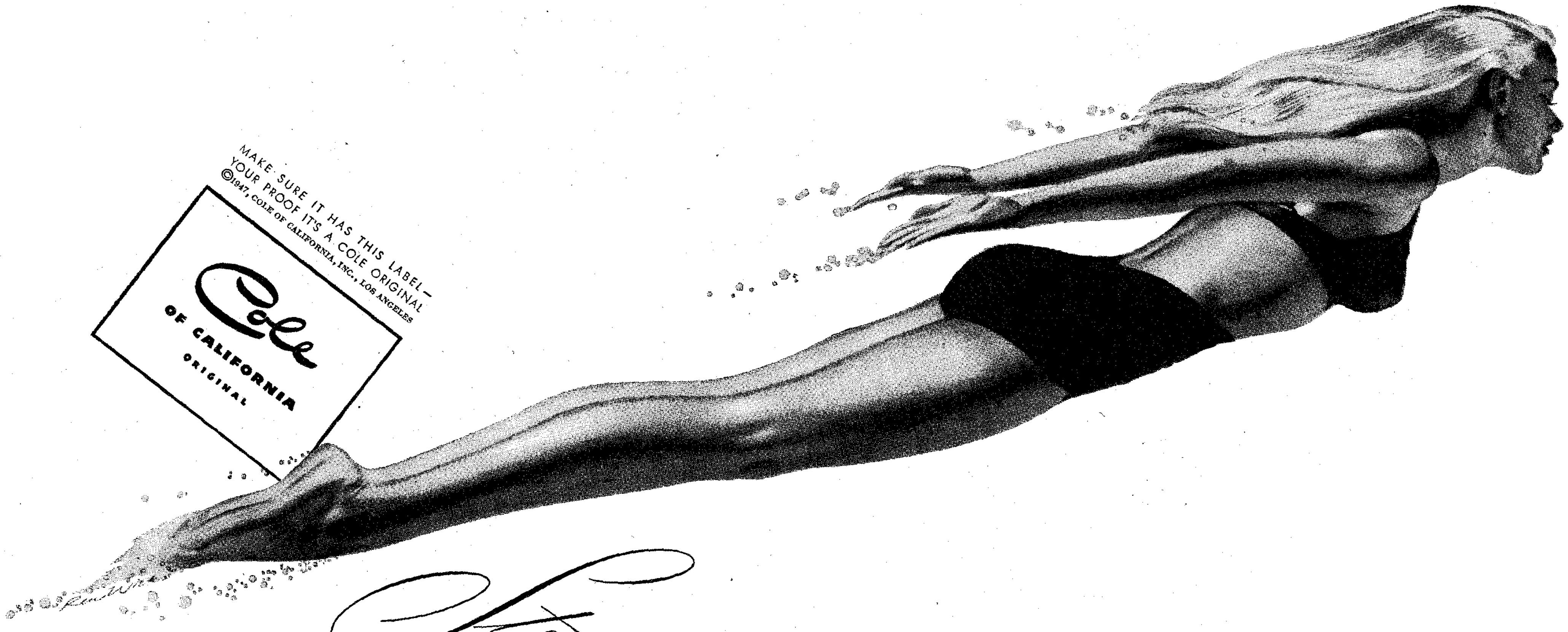

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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

MEMO TO THOSE WHO REMEMBER ADMIRAL YAMAMOTO'S BOAST THAT HE WOULD DICTATE TERMS OF PEACE IN THE WHITE HOUSE: The radio stations in Japan have begun to broadcast Japanese soap operas.

MEMO TO DOG LOVERS: Sal's Flower Shop, at 1491 Lexington Avenue, has been advertising a full line of cut flowers and point setters.

STEAM FROM A BUBBLING CALDRON: In Utah, a farmer's wife was just about to cut off a chicken's head when lightning saved her the trouble by killing it for her. The federal government sent the State of New Jersey 7,505 monkey wrenches it hadn't ordered, dozens of dollar bills fluttered down from the clouds onto a remote fishing hamlet in Oregon, a restaurant owner in Kansas City found sixty small fish in his back yard after a storm, and someone abandoned forty-eight dozen eggs on a curb in North Pelham. Far Rockaway was terrorized by a squirrel that leaped out from behind hedges and bit people.

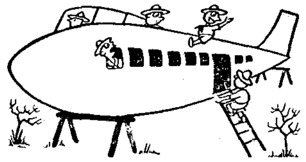
The Shanghai police classed dancing girls as "intellectuals," along with teachers, social workers, and writers, and made them fill out forms stating their political beliefs. A Chicago professor announced that he has been averaging eight cigars a week from new fathers among his freshmen. A baby in Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, swallowed a nickel and coughed up a penny. Oscar, a trained seal in San Francisco's Golden Gate Park, died, and an autopsy disclosed seven dollars and fifty-four cents in change in his stomach—one quarter, eight dimes, twenty-seven nickels, and five hundred and fourteen pennies. (Cause of death: zinc-chloride poisoning from wartime pennies.)

Two brothers named Moneymaker, who operate a racing stable in Los Angeles, petitioned a court to have their name changed, and in Melbourne, Australia, a business firm overcame absenteeism on racing days by tuning in on broadcasts of the races and making book for its employees. Mayor Curley of Boston disclosed that he has a full-rigged schooner tattooed on his back, and the Governor of New Hampshire reported that in his campaign for renomination he spent sixty-eight hundred dollars and received contributions totalling fifty cents. Science revealed that, contrary to general belief, wild cormorants do not eat salmon; if they are compelled to eat some in captivity, they develop indigestion. A woman in California bought fourteen dollars' worth of worms from a bait store for a crippled robin.

A sixty-three-year-old lady in Lynn, Massachusetts, beat off a nocturnal burglar with a blackjack she habitually keeps under her pillow, and a fisherman in Illinois reeled in an old pair of pants and discovered a ten-inch catfish in one of the pockets. The members of the Brookside Garden Club of Molalla, Oregon, heard a speaker discuss "What I Should Be Doing at Home Instead of Attending Club" and cancelled their next meeting.

A Nebraska pastor took a party of young people for a roller-skating party, joined in the fun, and broke both his ankles. A Hartford insurance agent warned a man he was calling on that someone might fall on his premises and sue for damages, fell and fractured two ribs, and sold a policy immediately. In Alaska, a man who had counterfeited more than three hundred harbor-seal scalps and collected bounty on them was exposed when he became careless and made one with the hair growing crosswise. A group of Maoris petitioned the New Zealand Parliament to recover a number of their mummified former chieftains from the Natural History Museum in Vienna. An inventor worked out a noiseless paper bag for popcorn in movie houses, and a scientist announced a cure for sleeping sickness called sodium-P-2-diamino-S-Trianzinyl-6-amino-phenylstibonate.

THE housing shortage has hit even the Boy Scouts of America, one of whose Westchester cells—Air Scout Squadron No. 1, of Armonk—has bought a second-hand four-engine naval transport plane, removed its wings, and fitted it out as a clubhouse. According to "Handbook for Scoutmasters," an informative guide we always keep on our desk, Scouts' meeting rooms "should be large enough for simple games and for the construction of Patrol corners—yet not so large that the Troop will feel lost . . . attractive enough to make the boys feel comfortable—yet simple enough to make them want to improve it . . . located in a safe building without unnecessary hazards, preferably on the ground floor." A retired wartime air transport, to our mind, is the perfect expression of this ideal: plenty large enough for simple games (what onetime airborne soldier does not recall the lurch of dice across the cabin floor?) but not too large (it is always possible to bump your head *somewhere* in a plane); attractive and at the same time simple (it was not uncommon for admirals to travel in



soft, reclining chairs while lesser fry squirmed on sacks of mail); safe and on the ground (there is nothing less hazardous, nothing more hopelessly tied to the ground, than a plane with its wings sheared off). We envy the Air Scouts of Armonk their new, romantic home, and we predict that their Scoutmaster will have one hell of a time persuading them to leave it in order to hike out into the woods and rub two sticks together.

•

INCIDENTAL INTELLIGENCE: The menu of the Pizzeria Alla Napoletana, 147 West Forty-eighth Street, lists, among other things, "Salsiccia with Peppers" and "Veal con Peperoni."

All that remains erect of the charred ruins of a structure in Woodside is the brick front, which continues to proclaim to Long Island commuters the name of the building's former occupant, the Universal Asbestos Corporation.

There's a sign in the elevator of the Aeolian Building reading:

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Answer

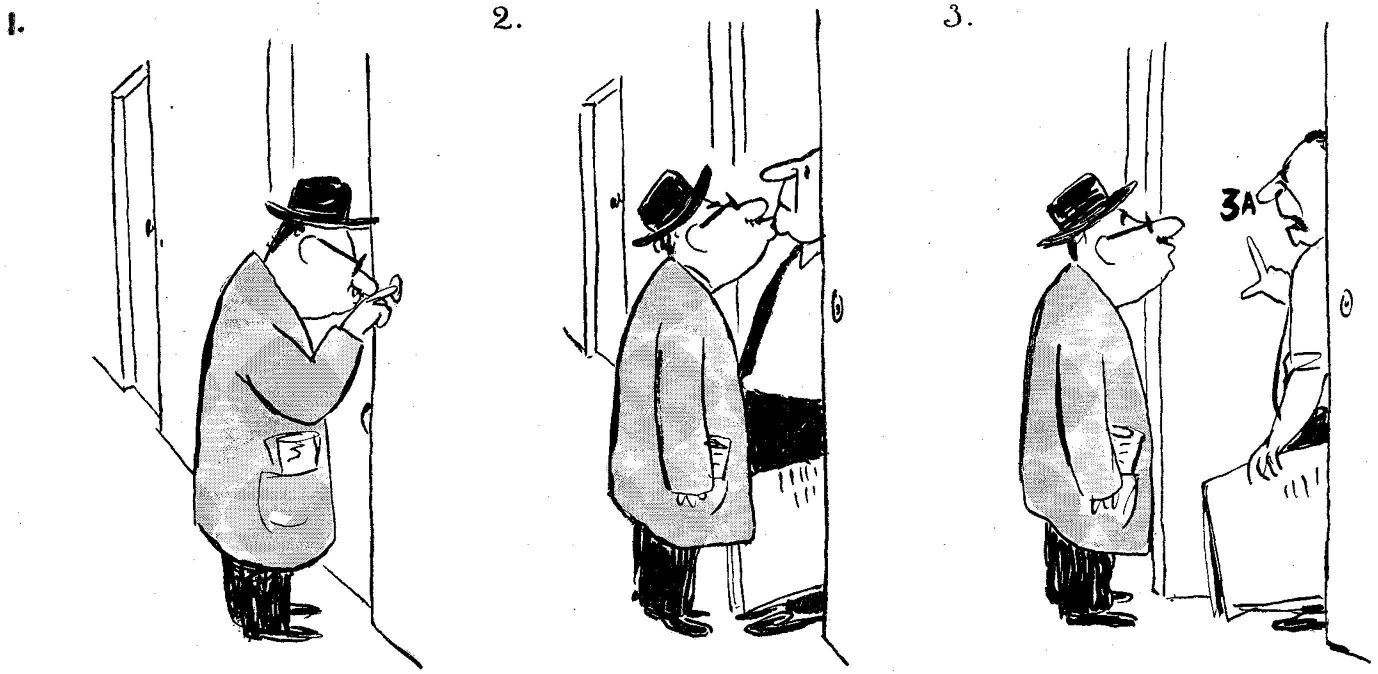
IN the course of a recent trip on a Lackawanna ferry, a commuter who keeps an ear bent for us overheard a couple of bright-faced girls discussing a passing freighter, which, being without cargo, rode high in the water, its propeller throwing up spray. The girls speculated for some time on this phenomenon. At last, one of them hit on what seemed to her a satisfactory explanation. "*Now* I know what it is," she said confidently. "Low tide."

Indestructible

ERNEST HEMINGWAY has been spending a few weeks in and around town—overcompensating for an infantile aversion to death by duck shooting on Long Island Sound, boxing at Stillman's Gym, and otherwise playing the part of the fictional character of the same name who appears regularly in the prose works of Earl Wilson and Leonard Lyons—and toward the end of his visit we arranged to meet him at a midtown restaurant for lunch. Though we have been trained to regard all literary figures as an infirm and pitiable lot, we must confess that when Mr. Hemingway bounded through the restaurant doorway, we got the impression that he had just happily carved his way in through a mob of bloody and fanatical Igorots. We were gratified to note that despite the weather, which was cold and blustery, he was wearing only an old tweed jacket and gray flannel trousers. "Don't own an overcoat," he told us, squeezing our hand hard in an indication of heaven knows what basic sense of insecurity. "Don't need one. Not a bad day out."

Mr. Hemingway struck us as being of slightly larger than human proportions, and his resemblance to a handsome, playful, and potentially violent bear was heightened by the way his hair ran down over his coat collar like a shaggy gray pelt. On his forehead is a coin-shaped scar, which he got in an automobile accident in London during the war, but except for this he looks and acts indestructible—a state of affairs that neatly supports his theory that no Hemingway ever dies a natural death. "That's one reason I've written so little about my family," he told us over a couple of Martinis and a dish of snails. "I can't say everything I want to say about my family as long as certain people are still alive. Maybe I'll never get to write much about it, but maybe by the time I'm through, I'll have done enough work, so it won't matter." He was, he announced, approximately halfway through a new novel. "I've finished eighty-seven thousand words," he said, "but I haven't cut it yet and I always cut a lot. I don't want to say what the book is about, because a book you talk about is a book you don't write." We asked him if he found that writing got any easier as time went on. "Not easier," he said, "but it's what I like to do better than anything in the world, and what I have to do. I rewrite so much that the first chapter of a book may be rewritten forty or fifty times; that's just hard work. It's this way, see—when a writer first starts out, he gets a big kick from the stuff he does, and the reader doesn't get any; then, after a while, the writer gets a little kick and the reader gets a little kick; and, finally, if the writer's any good, he doesn't get any kick at all and the reader gets everything."

The only publication that would



print his early stories, Mr. Hemingway said, was the *Frankfurter Zeitung*, with the result that they were published in German several years before they appeared in English. "I wrote my first novel, 'The Sun Also Rises,' in six weeks, when I was twenty-seven," he continued. "I wrote it because all my friends had written novels and I was ashamed of not having written one. It was written in the first person, which is a cinch; anybody can write a novel in the first person. I didn't make much of anything out of my stuff until quite late. Now I'm sort of a property, the only property my family has, and they're anxious for this new book to be a big success."

Mr. Hemingway finished off the last of a dozen snails and got to his feet. "Have to cut over to the Alvin and see Bergman," he told us as we hurried after him. "She's an old friend of mine. She was in the movie of 'For Whom the Bell Tolls,' but I'd better not tell you what I thought of that." When we stepped into the street, he turned up his coat collar and tucked his hands in his pockets. "I hate plays," he said. "Did you ever listen to the dialogue of a play with your eyes shut?" Then he lowered his head into the wind and said, "It's cold. It's colder than I thought. —— this cold!"

Lost

WE'VE been told of a news commentator on one of the local stations who telephoned a friend and said breathlessly, "Listen, I'm on the air in ten minutes and I need your help. You play chess, don't you?" The friend said he did. "Thank God!" exclaimed the commentator. "What I want to know is this: I'm calling world politics a chess game, Europe the chessboard, and world peace a pawn. Now, what on earth do I call the atomic bomb?"

Morning Meal

FRIEND of ours just back from a quick business trip to Europe reports that on the way home his plane was held up for some time at Shannon. Along about 3 A.M., a piping-hot breakfast of bacon and eggs was served to the passengers at the airport and was gratefully devoured by them. Hours later, when the plane was well out over the Atlantic, a stewardess came by with a second breakfast; this also consisted of bacon and eggs, and was somewhat less enthusiastically received. The plane stopped off at Newfoundland after several more hours, and the passengers were ushered into the airport restaurant there. The sun was shining brightly behind them, and they were pained, but by no means surprised, to be served a third breakfast of bacon and eggs, which few of them were able to choke down.

Buttons Without Buttonholes

THE Button Collectors of the Metropolitan Area held a pre-Christmas meeting in an artist's studio at 170 Fifth Avenue, and we dropped in to find fourteen members—twelve women and two men, all of them middle-aged or better—gathered in an orderly circle around a table piled with gift-wrapped packages. A lady in a buttonless frock introduced herself as Mrs. Helen Adams, president of the organization, and welcomed us when we explained that we had been professionally drawn to the scene by an item in the *Sun*. Among other things, it had said, "Fakes and conversions will be discussed" and "All button collectors are welcome." "The editor of the *Sun* takes buttons very seriously," said Mrs. Adams. "He takes *everything* seriously," said another lady. "It's good that he does," shot back Mrs. Adams. Mrs. Adams invited us to sit down beside her and delayed calling the meeting to order long enough to tell us that button collecting has become the third most popular type of collecting hobby in the United States, ranking, with two thousand active hobbyists, behind only stamps and coins; that there are some twenty statewide button collectors' organizations; that button collectors have a tougher time of it than stamp collectors, since button values have never been standardized and trading is therefore haphazard; that the B.C.M.A. has been in existence for three years, has thirty-six paid-up members, who pay dues of a dollar a year, and that some of those at this session had demonstrated their loyalty by coming all the way from New Rochelle, Nyack, or Sag Harbor; and that—"But, heavens," she said, "I have to conduct a meeting."

Mrs. Adams tinkled a tiny bell, and

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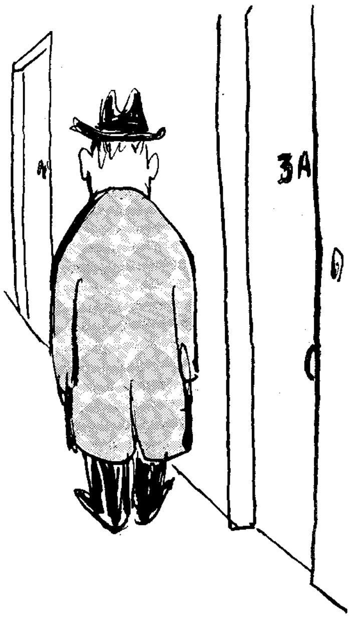

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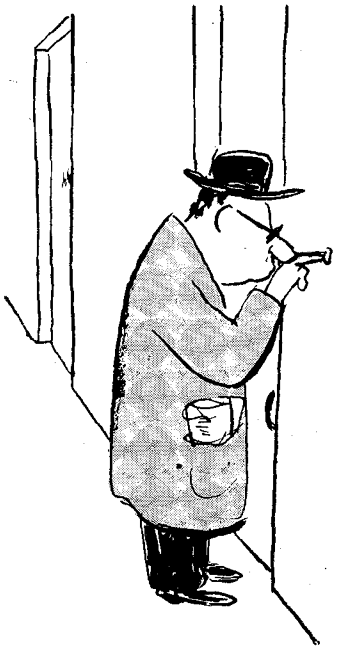

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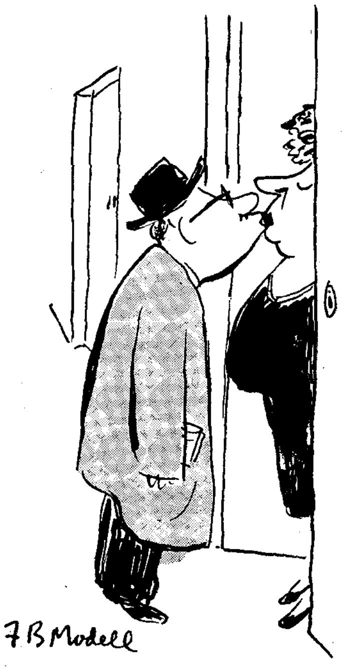


the button collectors, who had been chatting spiritedly, promptly came to attention. The minutes of the previous meeting were read and approved, and Mrs. Adams recognized a Mrs. Maple, who began a report on fakes and conversions. "A conversion is a hatpin, or something, converted into a button," she said. "What do you call something converted *out* of a button?" a fellow-collector interrupted to ask. "It's no longer a button," said Mrs. Maple. She went on to explain that a fake is a modern copy of an old button (collectors, Mrs. Adams whispered to us, generally do not consider any button less than fifty years old worthy of collection) and that a married button is one composed of old and new parts fitted together. Another lady asked Mrs. Maple how she would define a button recently made out of assorted antique parts. "It would be disqualified by judges because the labor is new," said Mrs. Maple. "I don't see what labor has to do with it," muttered a white-haired gentleman at our right. "He's our expert on military buttons," Mrs. Adams whispered. When Mrs. Maple had completed her report, a lady handed Mrs. Adams a card with several silvery buttons attached to it and asked her to identify them. Mrs. Adams murmured something to her and then, turning to us, whispered, "She thought they were Swiss, but anybody who knows buttons can tell at a glance they're from the Netherlands. She's a beginner. You have to be gentle with beginners."

The collectors began to distribute presents to each other from the pile on the table. All the packages contained buttons, and some of the gifts, we gathered, were calculatedly frivolous. Mrs. Adams, for instance, got a set of what she laughingly called "goofies"—modern plastic buttons in the shape of penguins, guns, and whatnot. "What happened to the more serious packages?" she asked presently. Each member, it seemed, had brought along a gift consisting of at least a dollar's worth of collectible buttons. These packages were finally found on top of a cabinet and were passed around. Mrs. Adams got a corsage of military buttons and exclaimed with delight. "Wars affect buttons," she told us, after she had permitted everyone to admire her treasure. "Up to the War of 1812, Americans imported all their buttons from Europe. Then, when the source was shut off, we began making our own, mostly out of pewter and brass cooking utensils. The buttons that have come out of the last war are awful. Why, what looks like a silver button nowadays is apt to be electroplated metal with a plastic shank. Heavens, they even use things like Lucite!"

Rosetta Stone

A PROFESSIONAL lady came home from the office one afternoon lately and found the following note from her new cleaning woman (we have the original in our files) propped up on the living-room mantelpiece:

> Diy Mziz Hay. Az ay voygt ova 4 ojar szo tetmintz evrivik 4 doiloirz szo ailketna 1 doila fortute ant fonor un iss 4 doiloirz if ju net szereszfaith bliz kolfoda kyi. Maj luff te ju. Elizolbeth. blitz ket mi a vaikz tet. No rob vaikz.

After puzzling over the communication alone for an evening or so and getting nowhere, the lady took it to her office, where a group composed of three lawyers and assorted personnel finally cracked the code and worked out an accurate translation, to wit:

> Dear Mrs. Hay. As I worked over 4 hours so to me every week 4 dollars so I'll get another 1 dollar for today and from now on is 4 dollars if you not satisfied please call for the key. My love to you. Elizabeth. please get me a wax too. No rub wax.

Breeding

SINCE he left the government, Henry Wallace has been devoting his weekends to inbreeding and crossbreeding chickens at a hundred-and-twenty-four-acre South Salem, New York, farm which he owns jointly with his sister, Mrs. Charles Bruggmann, wife of the Swiss Minister. We visited him there on a recent Sunday and found him in front of a water tower, wearing a lumpy brown overcoat festooned with slivers of straw and tattered cobwebs. He told us he'd been up since dawn, conferring with his twelve hundred chickens and his poultry superintendent, calling on a foreman who had been run over by a tractor, and helping the foreman's wife repair an oil stove that had exploded. "Lots of grief in the wide-open spaces," he said. "John Winant was raised on this farm, and when I phoned him the other day to ask how to work the hot-air furnace in the cellar, he said it didn't work. Mrs. Wallace is still in Washington. Guess I'll have to install oil heating before I can ask her to come out here." Trailed by us, Mr. Wallace made his way across a rocky field to the laying house, a two-story building with thirty-two pens and a heating-and-blowing system that gives its occupants a complete change of air every half hour. "Keeps the temperature at forty-five on the coldest days," Mr. Wallace said. "We've had remarkably few colds, although I personally still have one I picked up in Mexico four months ago. Went there to help get some corn experiments started. I used to raise hybrid corn in Iowa, and that gave me the idea of crossbreeding chickens. Same rules of heredity hold for both, in a general way."

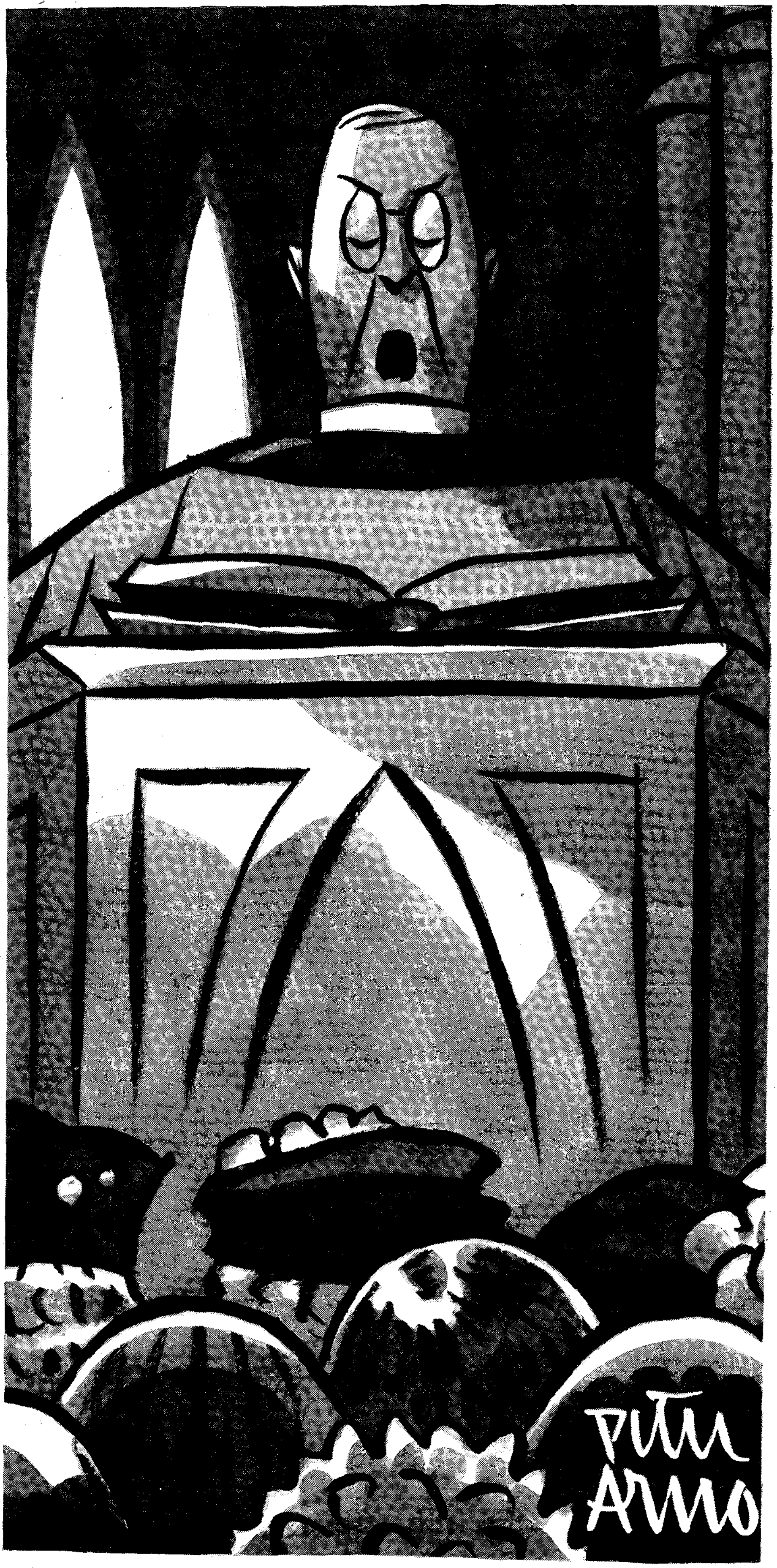
Snuffling dismally, he picked up a red, bedraggled bird and proclaimed it his very best hen, eighteen months old and a champion. "Seventy children," he said. The hen nodded, and Wallace led us to a pen containing some black-and-white hens called Barred Rocks. He told us that ordinary Barred Rocks don't grow feathers until they're six weeks old, that they lay dark-brown eggs, rather sparingly, and that he is marrying his Barred Rock brothers to their own sisters in the hope of getting faster feathering and pure-white eggs. "Housewives like white eggs and want to see full feathering on broilers," he told us. "These are unwarranted prejudices, but I'm catering to them. I used to raise corn for yield, not beauty, but I'm older now, and if people want pretty chickens, that's O.K. with me." Our head buzzing with the wonders of incest, we followed Mr. Wallace to another pen, full of tan hens with white ruffles and white tail feathers. "Here are some real pretty pinks," he said. "One-half New Hampshire, one-fourth Rhode Island Red, and one-fourth white Leghorn. You won't see these anywhere else. We're mating the best with the best. I think I'll sell them through the *New Republic* after they're stabilized." He pointed to some black-ruffled white hens across the aisle. "Columbians," he said, "like those folks down in Georgia. Got a lot of seditious hens in here."

Mr. Wallace next inspected some hens he described as one-half Barred Rock, one-eighth Rhode Island Red, one-eighth New Hampshire, and one-fourth White Leghorn. "Real mixed-up hens," he said, with the air of a man who has invented a cocktail. He guided us to the second floor, which was populated by Rhode Island Reds. "Second-generation brother-and-sister mating," he said. "Their heredity makes them careless, and they lay eggs all over the floor, roof—anywhere. We just have to accommodate ourselves to nature." We accommodated ourself to trailing Mr. Wallace across another rocky field and entered a barn devoted to inbred roosters. Some of them looked terrible to us. Mr. Wallace explained this was because they liked to beat each other up. "We put one poor old fellow in with a lot of hens, for protection," he said, "but the hens took pot shots at his comb. I may have to take him down to the *New Republic* to give him some peace."

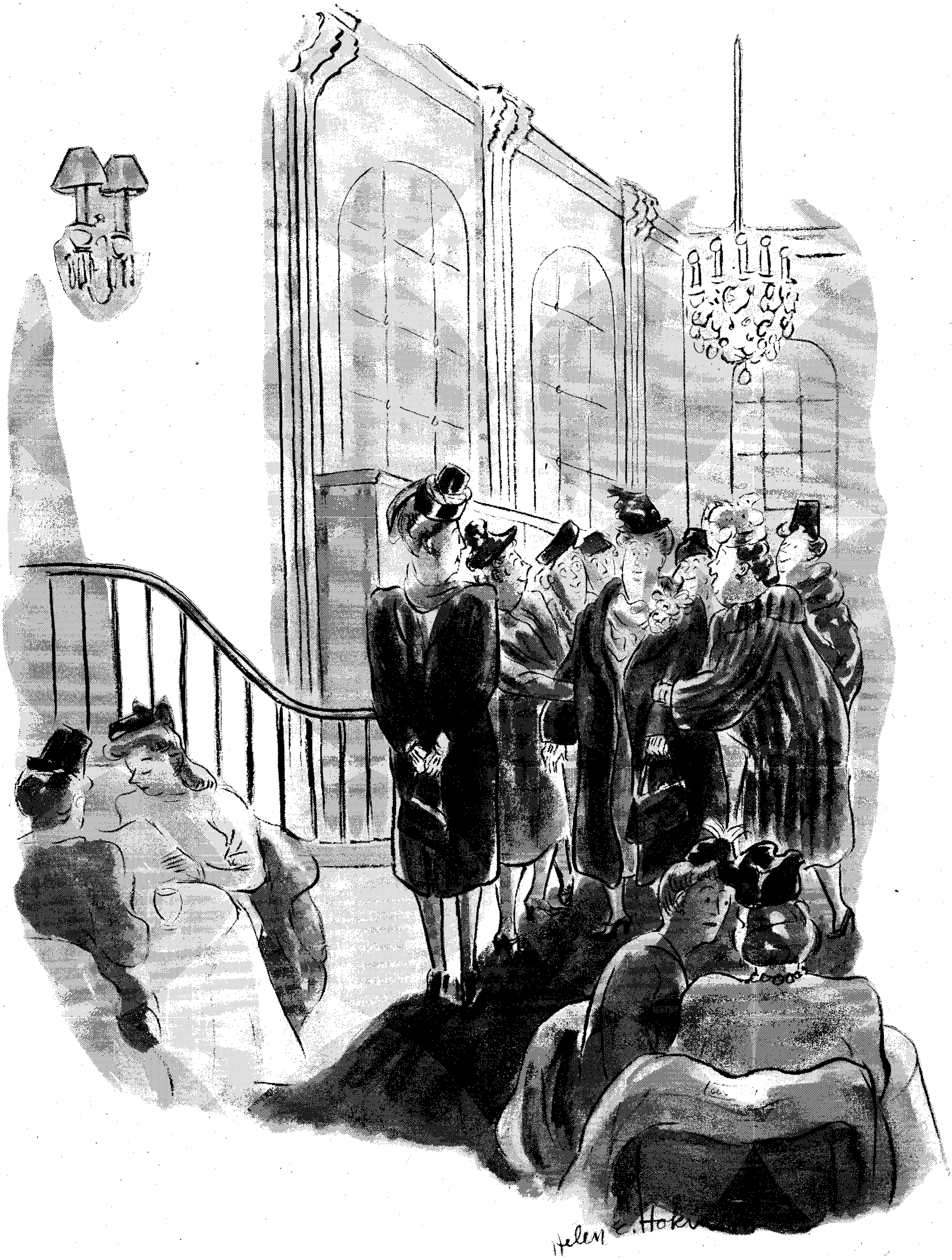
Mr. Wallace and Mrs. Bruggmann are partners in the poultry experiments. Mr. Wallace also still has an interest in a corn-seed-distributing company he founded in Iowa. He hopes to get Mrs. Wallace out of Washington by spring and to make the farm their year-round home. "I often think what an attractive place this is for chickens," he mused. "Good rain, not as cold as Iowa in the winter, and not as hot in the summer. And if we go commercial, we can shoot off in two key poultry directions—New England and New York. Being an editor is good fun, but occasionally you want to have some things you can touch."

Mystery

A MATRON we know set out one morning last week on what she regarded, and still regards, as an innocent errand—the delivery of a box of flowers to a friend in a hospital on the upper East Side. She was considerably upset when, as she left the hospital, two little boys came up to her, handed her a slip of paper with a gold star pasted on it, and said, "This is for keeping your mouth shut, lady."



"Then the Lord spake unto them, saying—and I quote . . ."



Helen E. Hokinson

"Now, let the birthday girl go first!"

OPENING NIGHT

SOME weeks ago, I had an opening on Broadway. I thought that I had a pretty painful time, but, to judge by the behavior and comments of my friends and family, it was *they* who *really* suffered.

The morning of the opening, my husband woke me by announcing in my ear that he was getting up but was letting me keep on sleeping. He proffered the gratuitous reminder that I had a first night ahead of me and added the consoling information that I was to be let alone all day, completely alone. I was to take it easy. Not think about the show. Just rest. Relax. He lit a cigarette, inhaled, and went into a choking spell, at the finish of which he asked me if I was all right. I grunted that I was, and he said that was fine and he'd go away, now, and leave me alone. He stomped about the room for a while, leaving me alone. After a couple of turns, he leaned out of the window, stared down at the pavement, sniffed the air, and stated in hearty tones that it was a lovely, sunny day for an opening night, a remark which didn't strike me as calling for an immediate answer. Then he came over to the bed and remarked in tender but extremely audible tones that my covers needed fixing, yanked blanket and sheet clear off me, shook them just enough to loosen them at the foot, replaced them over me exactly as they had been before, and said, "There! Isn't that better?" I grunted. After once more telling me to keep on sleeping, he bumped into the night table, cursed, said "Sh!," and tiptoed out of the room.

I was, of course, wide awake. I looked at the clock. There were exactly twelve hours before curtain time, and I figured the best way to live through them was to regain unconsciousness. So, for a fretful hour, I tossed from side to side waiting for oblivion, and when it finally arrived, it wasn't oblivion at all but a series of those nightmares peculiar to actors, in which one finds oneself on a stage delivering the Potion Scene stark naked to an audience of some two thousand spectators, all of whom turn out to be George Jean Nathan. Pretty soon, I was wide awake again, and began to think about the ordeal ahead of me—or, rather, continued to think about it, for it had been my preoccupation for the preceding week.

Lying in an attitude I chose to consider relaxed—with tense muscles, thumping heart, and quavering jaw—I determined to think of other things to think about, things that would restore my sense of values. I would put my mind on wider prospects—the United Nations, for example. I would think about Mr. Molotov. That turned out to be difficult, because I didn't know what to think about Mr. Molotov. Next, I tried thinking about Mr. Byrnes, but that didn't work very well either, because it suddenly occurred to me that Mr. Byrnes bears a startling resemblance to one of the members of our cast, and that got me back into the dreaded train of thought. It was no use. I rang for breakfast. My maid brought it in with the expression of a kindly neighbor bringing a floral anchor to the recently bereaved. "Tonight's the opening, isn't it?" she said in an undertone. "Aren't you nervous?" She leered wanly in what was undoubtedly meant to be encouragement. I leered back, said, "No, not at all," slopped coffee into the saucer with one shaking hand, and with the other nonchalantly picked up the morning paper. Someone had thoughtfully folded it to the theatre page, and the first thing to meet my eye was my own name, under the foreboding heading "Tonight's Opening." This time, the coffee cascaded down the front of my bed jacket. The maid, a sensitive, understanding girl, said she guessed I felt just like that poor boy Conn the morning of that fight when Joe Louis knocked him out, wistfully recalled the fact that she had bet on Conn, and walked softly out of the room.

ABOUT this time, the telephone calls commenced. The first was from my husband, telling me not to talk on the telephone. I had an opening that night, he said, and should take it easy. I must switch off the phone to everyone else, just keep it open for any emergency call from him. It occurred to me that such an arrangement would involve me in mechanical complexities far beyond my powers, but I said O.K., and added, "What emergency call, for instance?" He replied, in the voice of Cornwallis before Yorktown, "You never know. Something may arise at the box office." I almost asked what sort of thing might arise at the box office, but I didn't. The way I felt, I hoped it would be one of those surprise volcanoes, like the one that recently arose in Mexico. The next call was from a friend who used to be on the stage and has more recently gone in for puppets. She said she saw I had an opening that night and she merely wanted to wish me Godspeed. She knew all too well what I was going through, and her frank advice was never to read any notices—with which counsel of wisdom she discreetly hung up. The bell rang again and someone said hello there, this was Buzzie; she and George had just arrived from Duluth for their first New York spree in fifteen years, she saw I had an opening that night, and how about my wangling them a couple of tickets? I explained to Buzzie, whom I vaguely recalled having sat next to in Freshman Latin at Bryn Mawr, that what with the Guild subscription list, the critics, and the personal connections of the management, the only four seats I myself had been able to purchase had gone to my husband and my three closest friends. Buzzie said "Oh!" and hung up. The next person to call up was one of the three closest friends, a sportsman and a gentleman—at least, I had always thought so. He, too, reminded me of the opening that night, and he, too, knew what I must be going through; just the way he felt the morning he had had to ride in the Maryland Hunt Cup steeplechase—the time he fell at the third jump and broke his pelvis, ha-ha. It was gratifying that I knew him sufficiently well to retort that it was too bad he hadn't broken his goddam neck, ha-ha, and hang up. After that, another friend, not close, gave me a ring to let me know she was not coming to the opening but she'd be suffering for me just the same. She had to go to a dinner party and she knew she wouldn't be able to eat a blessed thing. She was followed by a playwright who wanted to send me a script. He was sure, of course, that tonight's opening would be extremely successful, but, after all, it was on the knees of the gods and one never knew, did one? I agreed, somewhat wanly, that one didn't, and told him to send along the script. Then my husband called and said he was in a telephone booth and I said that was nice. He wanted to know if I was taking it easy and I said sure I was. A few minutes later, I hurried downstairs, rang for the elevator, and went out for a violent walk in the Park, a Turkish bath, and a swim in a hotel pool.

I came home to a late lunch, which

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my maid served in the same funereal manner in which she had brought me my breakfast, sliding softly in and out of the pantry and occasionally sighing deeply. I attempted a little casual chitchat with her, but she eyed me with an expression that indicated that she knew I was only being brave, and she answered in monosyllables. In the middle of luncheon, my husband called to ask if I was all right. He wasn't. He had terrible indigestion and hadn't eaten lunch. He was at his club and he thought he'd better just have a drink and maybe some oyster stew. I said I guessed he'd just better, too.

IT is a theatre tradition that you spend the afternoon prior to an opening in bed, sleeping, relaxing, and getting into something known as "the mood." It's a fine theory, only it never works. Sleep, if any, is fitful, relaxation is that of a prisoner waiting for the verdict, and the mood is something you wouldn't wish onto your worst enemy. However, after lunch I went up to my bedroom, put my hair up in combs, slathered my face with cold cream, got into a nightgown, switched off my phone, and settled onto a pillow. My eyelids had barely closed when my maid, tapping gently, opened the door a cautious crack and peered in as though she expected to see a cadaver. In a hoarse whisper, she said Mister was on the downstairs phone and wanted to be switched over to me. He was sorry, but it was important. I picked up the receiver, and his voice, weak and quite reproachful, informed me he had just thrown up the oyster stew. I said I was awfully sorry, and he seemed somewhat mollified and hung up.

The afternoon passed somehow. I dozed a bit and read a bit—an article in the *Nation* to give me a broader outlook, some pages of a book on Oriental philosophy to give me serenity. Neither did either. At five-thirty, my husband came home in a state of agitation. Six years ago, he lost his left leg in a coasting accident. Ever since, he has made out admirably with a store one. Today, for the first time, it had gone wrong. Some hinge or other had cracked in the wooden foot and every step produced a sharp, mechanical squeak. "You see?" he said accusingly. I said I did and that, as in the case of the oyster stew, I was awfully sorry. He said it was all very well for me. I merely had to lie in bed and be waited on, then go down to the theatre and act. I said again that I was sorry, and he said well, maybe he'd better take some bicarbonate of soda.

At six, my very best friend, who was going to stay overnight with us, arrived from Philadelphia. She uttered a perfunctory darling how was I, and, without waiting for a reply, said I couldn't possibly know what she was going through and where did I keep the bicarbonate of soda? She appeared to be rather cross, and went directly to her room. I got out of bed, mixed her a dose, and took it to her, an attention she accepted as an obvious part of her due. After gulping it down, she again told me I was incapable of knowing what she was going through, and then suddenly turned on me with a petulant "Why you had to pick out the stage! Couldn't you have chosen a line of work that would have been easier on your friends?"

"What line of work?" I asked.

"Well," she growled, "you might have become a reporter for the *National Geographic* and got sent off to distant places for long months at a time." I retired to bed with injured dignity.

Shortly after that, my husband came up to my room and informed me he had fixed the squeak in his foot with some of my typewriter oil, and added, "It just goes to show." What it went to show, he didn't go on to explain. Instead, he began glaring at a picture I had recently tacked up beside my dressing table. "Damn it all!" he shouted in a "Life with Father" tone. "Why will women do these things?" He stormed from the room, returned with yardstick and tool kit, took down the picture, measured, moved the tack one inch to the left, rehung the picture, and said, "There!" It was clear he felt better. Then he said he'd leave me to rest quietly until time to go to the theatre. I mustn't talk to anyone. The maid would bring me my tea. I'd better have it in bed. He'd go downstairs and take care of the people he'd invited in for cocktails. I asked gently what people he'd invited in for cocktails, and he hurried out, saying, "Oh, just people." I gathered he hadn't the slightest idea.

My best friend, still cross, came in to ask me if I thought I was likely to trip. I said I hoped to God not. Then she asked me if I knew all my lines and I said I hoped to God so, and she said she guessed she'd be all right once the curtain went up. I made the mistake of telling her that I was not in the first act.

"Not in the first *act!*" she lashed out. "Well, that's the final straw!" She flounced back to her room and slammed shut her door. I didn't see her again till after the show.

My tea arrived, and so did the people my husband had invited in for cocktails. One by one, he dispatched them up to my room, not because he wanted to hearten me but because he found it too much to cope with them himself. "Run upstairs!" I heard him hello at each newcomer. "The old woman wants to see you! Go cheer her up." The old woman was still in a state of cold cream and combs when they began to appear. They stood about the bed in a manner that made me feel the anaesthetist would come along shortly and we'd all go together to the delivery room. Their methods of cheering me up resolved themselves into variations on a single theme. Some looked gallant and said not to mind, that they were going through it all with me; some shook their heads and said they wouldn't be an actress for anything on God's green earth; and some beamed brightly and said, "Well, well! Tonight's the night, isn't it?"

Eventually, I was left alone again. Time, which had hitherto dragged by on leaden feet, now, as my hour of trial approached, began to fly at rocket speed. I rose, dressed, and hurried downstairs. The people in the living room, on their third round of cocktails, were still telling each other how nervous they were. As I paused in the doorway, some of them called out desultory words of encouragement on the "Happy landing!" order, two kissed me mournfully, and one actually helped me on with my coat. I rang for the elevator, the doorman got me a taxi, and I went down to the theatre completely alone.

THE play fortuitously got over. I neither tripped nor forgot my lines, and none of my loved ones in the audience had to be carried out. After the final curtain, the usual first-nighters flocked behind with the usual theatrical insincerities. My friends and family flitted in for a brief moment to tell me how relieved they were and that they'd see me back at the house. Some of them volunteered to carry a few boxes of flowers home for me, a kindly attention in the execution of which they managed to lose quite a few of the cards. I removed my war paint, got into civilian attire, and left the theatre. Nobody had stayed around to escort me home. A compassionate stagehand hailed me a cab.

I arrived at my apartment to find a party going full swing. My entrance was unnoticed except by a small group near the door, who uttered polite cries of welcome. One gentleman approached me with a fresh highball, held it toward me, and, just as I was about to grab it, drained it down himself. His companion, a lady whom I hardly knew, rushed up to me, embraced me, and exclaimed, "*Darling!* You were wonderful! But just let me tell you a little of what *I* went through!"

—CORNELIA OTIS SKINNER

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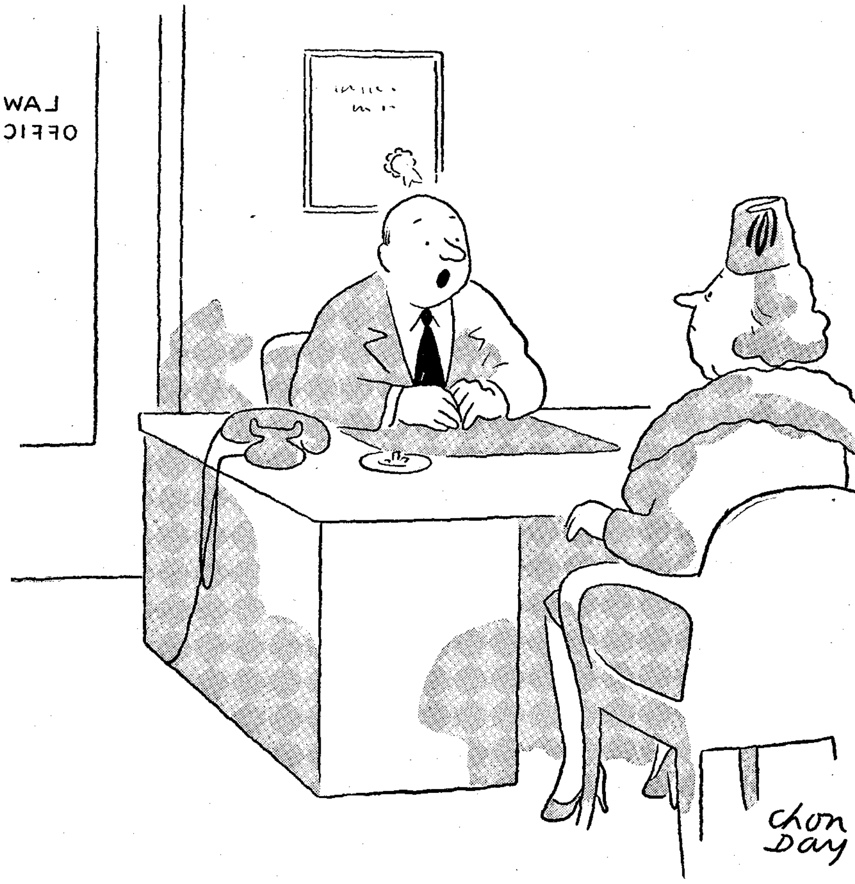
Except for clothes, champagne, and flowers, Miss Brown hasn't much interest in spending money.—*Life.*

She'll do.



"Have you ever considered threatening a reconciliation as a means of getting him to agree to larger alimony?"

LE SCOUTING EN CHINE

SINCE French was the only foreign language taught with any seriousness at the Kuling American School, in the mountains of northern Kiangsi province, when I was one of the boarding pupils there in the early twenties, the language naturally soon became a medium for many juvenile efforts at verbal humor. Nothing delighted us children more than to be reported to the headmaster for the grave offense of "swearing in French" by teachers whose Gallic spirit was as weak as their French vocabulary. My one success in this line was to be reprimanded for exploding into *"Parapluie! Parapluie!"* when a classmate jostled me in the hall. When we learned that the French called a dinner jacket *un smoking*, my classmates and I could scarcely contain ourselves, and we immediately set out to Frenchify everything we could think of by adding "ing" to it, honking out the syllable with what we hoped was the true Parisian timbre. Soon, I began to speak of the activities of the Kuling American School Troop of the Boy Scouts of America as *le Scouting*, and whereas few jokes seem deader to me now than most of these childish attempts to be funny, I have felt more and more strongly as I have grown older that *le Scouting* is the only term to describe the doings of our troop, and especially of the Pine Tree Patrol, to which I belonged. For I have learned through occasional and unsought contacts with the male youth of America that what it calls Scouting is a far, far different thing from *le Scouting* as I knew it in Kuling.

Even when I was a boy, this difference was apparent to me to some extent. For example, only one member of the Kuling troop owned full Scouting regalia in all its correct glory, and when the three school patrols gathered for meetings or hikes, their members were clothed in a great variety of outfits. To own an item of official equipment set one apart, especially if it was an item of some importance. Shortly after I joined the troop, I was made happy for a time by the prospect of owning an official Scout hat. I had written to my father in Shanghai, where he was stationed as a Presbyterian missionary, asking him if he couldn't get me one, and in a few days he wrote back that the parcel was on its way. His promptness made me suspicious, since American Scout hats were hard to come by in Shanghai stores, which naturally catered to the Boy Scouts of China rather than to the Boy Scouts of America, and I wisely said nothing about the promised hat to anyone. When the package arrived, I waited until I was alone before I opened it. My chagrin and my relief that I'd kept the matter to myself were about equal as I pulled from the wrappings not an official American Scout hat but an official Chinese one, which was a few shades darker than an American one and had a leather strap instead of a ribbon around it. Though I enjoyed, and quietly cultivated, a small reputation for eccentricity at the school, I knew that even my closest friends would think I had gone too far if I were to appear with a Chinese Scout hat on my head, and I hid it instantly at the bottom of my steamer trunk.

The Smiths
EE

THE best example of how *le Scouting* differed from Scouting was the two-week camping trip taken annually by our troop during the summer vacation. The year I became a Scout, having reached the age of twelve, I went on this trip despite my parents' fears that I was really too young and delicate for such a rough experience. As soon as they had arrived in Kuling to spend the summer, I had demanded permission to go camping, and though they finally yielded, it was with some concern that they and my sister watched me, one Monday morning, take the path that led down the mountainside at the north end of Kuling Valley. When I reached the last point from which I could see the veranda of our cottage, I turned around slowly and waved. My parents and my sister waved back. Then I squared my shoulders, turned forward again, and started on down the path. I had to handle myself with deliberation because I was carrying on my back a large knapsack. My load, moreover, was increased by a blanket roll slung over the top of the knapsack in the best *Scout Handbook* form. But, regardless of my physical discomfort, I felt that I was at last acting in the great tradition of Scouting as I had absorbed it from the pages of *Boys' Life* and from dozens of American books celebrating the joys of roughing it.

I had taken only a few steps when I was surprised to see our cook walk out into the path a short distance ahead of me. With him was the local "outside coolie," who was hired for the summer to carry in our water and perform other odd jobs.

"What are you doing here?" I asked the cook. "I thought you were still at the house."

"Well, Little Master, you were mistaken," he said. "Since it is impossible even for your parents to keep you from rushing out over the mountains to live like a wild animal, I say nothing of the stupidity of what you are doing, but I can at least see that you don't disgrace yourself and everyone connected with you by walking through the valley loaded down like a donkey."

"But that's part of the idea," I protested. "This is the way everyone does in America when he goes camping, and I'm going to be late meeting the others if I stay here trading thoughts with you."

"All right, then," the cook said. "Just unload yourself and we'll go right along."

"Are you going to carry my things?" I asked.

"Am I a camel?" the cook demanded, letting his voice shoot up into a falsetto shriek. He pointed to the outside coolie. "This man is going to carry your things, of course."

"Now, look here," I said. "I know you think you'll be disgraced if the other servants see me carrying this stuff through the valley. But *I'll* be disgraced in their masters' eyes if I *don't* carry it."

"At least let this fellow carry the bundles down to the main road," the cook pleaded, and I realized that this short haul would get us past most of the homes where he was known. Since most of my own friends lived farther down the valley, it seemed best to yield.

"All right," I said, unbuckling the knapsack and slipping it off. The outside coolie slung it over one shoulder and, tucking the blanket roll under his other arm, started down the path.

"Not so fast!" the cook said to him sternly. "Little Master and I will go first." He straightened his gown and stepped ahead of the outside coolie. "Will you go ahead of me, Little Master?" he asked.

"Oh, don't be so fussy. We'll walk together," I answered. And so the cook and I walked side by side down the path to Brook Road, at the bottom of the valley. Whenever we passed a house where he was known, the cook spoke to his Little Master in a loud voice, thus attracting attention and gaining, he hoped, quantities of face from the spectacle of his Little Master beside him and of the outside coolie meekly following along behind with my luggage.

The three of us halted when we reached Brook Road. "I've been thinking," the cook announced. "For a very small sum of money, you could hire this ox to go all the way with you and look after you at the camp. He could make your bed and take care of your things, though I suppose he is really too stupid to do anything very well. But at least there would be some reason to hope that you would come back alive."

I was scandalized by this proposal. "That's impossible," I said. "That isn't what camping is like. You're supposed to do everything yourself."

"Why don't you let the coolie carry the things down to the meeting place, anyway?" the cook countered.

"It's true, they're very heavy," I answered. "And I ought to save my strength for the rest of the trip. I'll tell you—let him carry the big bundle and I'll carry the blankets. But make him walk a long way behind me, and maybe it will look as if I'd forgotten the things and he was trying to catch up with me."

"You're very hopeful," the cook remarked, "though it isn't too bad a notion." He gave the coolie his orders and then said goodbye to me.

I started down Brook Road. When I glanced behind me, I could see the outside coolie about fifty yards to the rear. As I passed various homes where I was known, people called to me from their verandas and I bowed and said yes, I was going to the Scout camp at Incense Mills, and yes, it was good to have a fine, clear day, not too warm, for the six-mile hike, and no, I wouldn't get lost in the hills or cut off my foot with an axe, ha-ha!

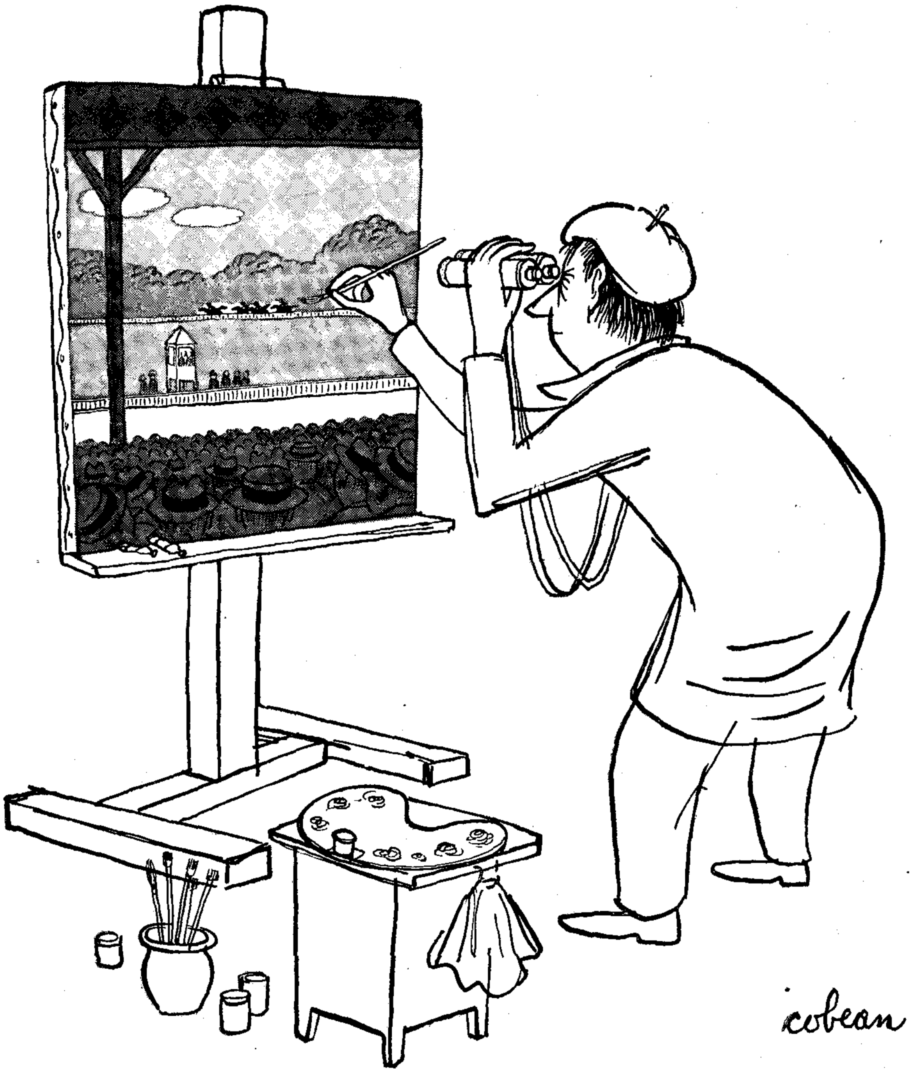
JUST before I reached the south end of the valley, where the campers were to assemble at the American School, I had what seemed to me a good idea and I waited for the outside coolie to come up to me. When he did, I took the knapsack from him and put it on my back. He then insisted on taking the blanket roll. In the end, I had to give in to him, and I came staggering onto the school grounds under the weight of my knapsack, the outside coolie a few paces behind me with the blanket roll.

One of the older Scouts saw me and called out, "What in the world's the matter with you, Espey? Why don't you have your coolie carry the pack?"

"Oh, I just wanted to get the feel of it, you know," I said as the others gathered around me.

"You mean you've come all the way from your house up at the other end of the valley like that?" a member of the Pine Tree Patrol asked.

"Yes, I've come all the way from there," I said, feeling that this statement violated nothing in the Scout code of honor.



Any further conversation on this point was prevented by a boy who came up to me and said, "You'd better hurry and turn your things over to the baggage coolies."

"The baggage coolies?" I asked, bewildered.

"Yes, they're over there, just about ready to start off," someone else said.

I looked where he pointed and saw seven or eight coolies making up carrying loads out of a collection of packs and blanket rolls. "Yes, of course," I said, and walked over to them. I slipped off my knapsack for the second time that morning and motioned to the outside coolie to put down the blankets. Then I waved him off home.

Two members of the Pine Tree Patrol joined me. "Say, you got here just in time," one of them said. "The supply coolies left about twenty minutes ago."

"The supply coolies?" I bleated.

"Sure, you know, with all our food—the canned things and dry stuff. The tents, too, of course."

"Oh, yes, of course," I said, quickly revising my notions of camping.

The baggage coolies heaved up their loads and were out of sight in a few minutes. After allowing them a fifteen-minute lead, the troop itself, unhampered by any luggage, started. The residents of the lower end of the valley waved us goodbye, and with many an "*En avant, mes braves*" and "*Après vous*," we got under way.

The day was, as had been pointed out to me several times, very fine, and with the other members of the Pine Tree Patrol I enjoyed the easy hike over the hill trails. Most of the way we went downhill, for our camping ground was located in a meadow in one of the lower valleys through which the main stream of Kuling Valley flowed. We caught up with and passed the baggage coolies in an hour, and a few minutes before we reached Incense Mills, we caught up with the last of the supply coolies. Once on the ground itself, the three other new members of the Pine

"And now the weather forecast for New York City and vicinity."

• •

Tree Patrol, who were to be my tentmates, and I staked out our claim to what we thought would be a good spot for our tent, and then set about putting it up. This, I felt, was getting down to the realities of camping, and for about ten minutes I ran around untangling guy ropes and driving in stakes. After an interval of work, the four of us had succeeded in getting the tent part way up, its top sagging and the side flaps trailing on the ground. The ridgepole and the two end poles wobbled back and forth, and the whole structure looked menacing.

At last, one of us, who happened to be a bishop's son and may have inherited a talent for assuming authority, said, "Really, we aren't getting very far this way."

"I know we aren't," I said, "but I hate to ask any of the others for help."

"I know what we'll do," the bishop's son said, and walked off toward the Scoutmaster, who was settling with the coolies, our baggage and supplies having just arrived. For a moment, I thought we were going to be disgraced by having the Scoutmaster himself find out what a mess we were in, but instead of going to him, the bishop's son approached two of the coolies standing off to one side and came back in a few minutes with them both in tow.

"Now, just what do you think needs doing?" he asked me.

"First, they ought to get the poles in more firmly," I said, "and then maybe while we hold one side of the tent, they can get the other side stretched tight and pegged down. By the way, what's this going to cost?"

"Oh, I just said we'd give them a little wine money," said the bishop's son. "Haven't you got your pocketbook with you?"

"Of course I have," I said, for though I had had no idea what use money would be out in the wilds, I had not been born a Presbyterian for nothing. "I just wondered if you'd settled on a price."

The coolies were greatly amused by the whole process of putting up the tent. After everything was made shipshape, they ran in and out of the tent, giggling, until I paid them off.

I had supposed that each Scout would cook at least a part of his own food, but I was pleased to discover that, for this first meal, anyway, box lunches had been provided. We all sat in a circle around the site of what was to be the evening campfire. As we munched on our sandwiches, I noticed a Chinese man coming out of the brush with some wood under his arm.

"I wonder if he lives near here," I said. "I didn't think anyone lived near here."

"Why, that's the wood coolie," an older Scout said. "He collects wood for the fire and keeps it going."

Another Chinese man followed the wood coolie across the clearing. "That's another coolie to help," the older Scout said. "We don't have a real cook because the Scoutmaster likes to do most of the cooking—I don't know why—and everyone has to help him a little."

"Do we have any more servants?" I asked.

"Well, not exactly," my informant said. "Of course, there are the coolies who bring in fresh supplies every day *from Kuling—stuff like meat and eggs* and milk."

By this time, I had revised my idea of camping so often that I was almost afraid to ask any more questions, but I did risk another one. "Are we expected to pass very many tests while we're in camp?" I inquired.

"Oh, no," the older Scout answered. "You can always pass tests during the year at school if you want to. I don't *think* anyone cares much about tests while he's camping, there's so much else to do."

"Yes, I suppose there is," I answered, but I really couldn't imagine what it would be.

INCENSE MILLS got its name from a small group of water-powered mills, each little more than a stone hut housing a water wheel geared to trip hammers. Most of the year, the mills were not in use, and they were idle now. After lunch, my tentmates and I went inside the buildings to inspect them. We soon got into an argument about just how the water wheels worked, and paid no attention to what anyone else was doing. We were therefore surprised when a group of Scouts came down from the camp to the path by the stream, wearing bathing suits. One of them called to us, "It's time to go to the pool now."

Afraid of being late for what we supposed was an official ceremony of the day, we rushed back to our tent, flung off our clothes, and climbed into our bathing suits. Then we ran down the path to a point where the stream spread out into a large natural pool. Around its edge were big boulders, many of them flat enough for comfortable sunbathing.

"Are we too late?" I gasped to the first Scout I saw.

"Too late for what?" he asked. He was taking off his bathing suit and putting it on a rock, apparently planning to lie down on it.

"Somebody said it was time to come to the pool."

"Oh, he must have meant it was an hour after lunch," the Scout said. "The Scoutmaster won't let us come down until an hour after meals. You'd better pick out a good rock for your sunbath. We have to wear our suits coming down here, just in case we meet some hikers from Kuling on the trail, and it's a good thing to keep them in reach."

My tentmates and I chose a big, flat

rock on the other side of the pool. After we had swum over to it, we took off our suits and stretched out to await developments. From time to time, a Scout would dive into the water and swim around. The sun was hot on our bare bodies, and I drowsed through most of the afternoon. Only when the eastern slopes of the mountains were deep in shadow did we put on our bathing suits and stroll back to camp. The Scoutmaster and his coolies had cooked up a big stew for us, and all that the boys who were posted on the list to help with supper had to do was open some cans of peaches and pass them around. After supper, we all went down to the stream and everyone washed his own dishes with water and sand or dirt.

The next day, an hour after we had finished breakfast, most of us went to the pool and claimed our rocks, observing the ritual of putting on our suits at camp and taking them off again at the pool. Late in the morning, a Scout who had been badly sunburned the day before came down the trail to tell us that the mail had just arrived. Everyone hurried back to camp.

My parents had somehow learned that mail could be sent daily to Incense Mills by the coolies who carried in our perishable supplies, and I was cheered at receiving a letter from home. My mother hoped that I wasn't trying to do too much, and reminded me that I wasn't as strong as I might be. She also wrote that my father would come down to visit me the following Monday and that if I had found things too rough going by then, I could go back with him.

After lunch, we lay on our cots waiting until an hour had passed and we could go to the pool. I found that two of my tentmates had brought a few books and magazines with them, so we read a little and talked a little to while away the interval. When it was time, we put on our bathing suits and went to the pool.

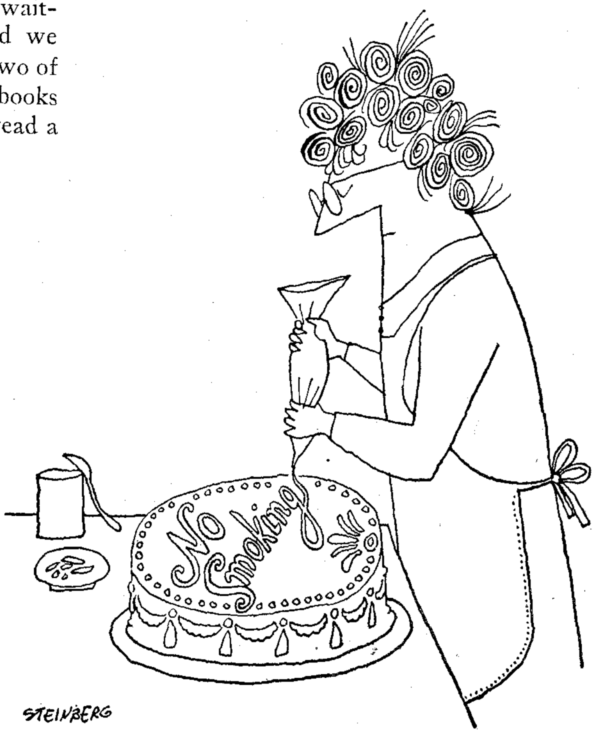
As the days followed one another, the same pattern of languid activity was repeated with few variations.

ON Monday of the second week, my father strolled into camp at about lunchtime. He looked very natty in white duck shorts, and carried with him a quantity of photographic apparatus. I thought his appearance did me credit, and I welcomed him cordially. After he had eaten lunch with us, he asked me how I felt and I told him I was fine. He wanted to know if I had been doing a great deal, and I said no, I was being very careful. Satisfied with the condition of his son, he left the camp and climbed the rocky slope behind our pool, in order to get some angle shots of the cliffs below and to explore generally for striking effects and possible pictures. When we campers reached the pool after our usual rest period, we could see him working his way around a group of rocks high above us.

When, at last, Father started down toward the pool, taking shots along the way, one of the older Scouts splashed over to the rock I was on and said, "Say, will your father mind our not having any bathing suits on? You never can tell about people who weren't born in China. And, naturally, he's an ordained minister."

I wasn't at all certain, now that the question had been raised, what my father's reaction would be, but I decided to gamble everything and I said, in what I hoped was an unconcerned tone, "Oh, he won't mind. You know, my people live in Shanghai and they're used to a lot of things." Then I added, "And, of course, he's a Presbyterian," though I wasn't sure that this made sense.

I could feel my heart hammering as I lay there, hoping that Father wouldn't let me down. When he stepped out of the brush and came to the edge of the pool, I got up to swim across to him, but he called out, "Just stay where you are." Then, while all the other members of the troop looked on in awe, and I looked on in pride that brought out goose flesh on my arms and legs, Father first stacked his tripod, cameras, and plateholders, next took off his clothes, and then made a neat racing dive into the water and swam across to our rock, using a brisk Australian crawl. He pulled himself up beside me and, grunting luxuriously, stretched out in the sun, apparently quite unconscious of the fact that he had just sent the stock of his family and his religion soaring clean out of sight.



THE second week of our stay in camp was very like the first. On our last day at Incense Mills, we all scurried around early in the morning, packing our things. We found that it was much easier to dismantle the tent than it had been to erect it, and by the time the baggage coolies arrived, everything was ready for them. After the coolies were loaded and sent up the trail, we took a last swim, and then started about forty minutes behind them. We overtook them only at the edge of the school grounds, and here we sorted our things. I was not especially surprised to see my family's cook and outside coolie standing with some other servants who had come to meet their Little Masters. The effect on my character of two weeks of primitive living could be gauged by the way in which I pointed out my knapsack and blanket roll to the outside coolie and told him to pick them up.

I said goodbye to the Scoutmaster and set off up Brook Road with the bishop's son, behind us the cook, and behind him the outside coolie and the bishop's gardener. At the bishop's house, I said goodbye to my friend, after making a tennis date for the next day. Then I told the cook to walk beside me, and we went up the valley, bowing to right and left, and I said yes, it was fine to go camping but of course it was good to be back, and yes, I was very lucky to have had the experience, and no, we hadn't had any rain, and wasn't that fortunate?

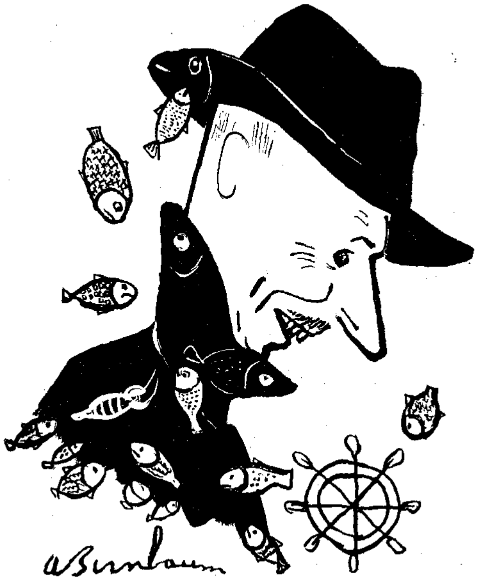
THE next year, when we Scouts were asked to sign up for the camping trip, I thought the matter over and finally said to one of my friends in the Pine Tree Patrol, "*Ah, mon vieux*, I don't think I'll go this year. After all, I know how to look after myself in the wilds now. And then, there's something a bit strenuous about it—washing your own dishes, and in dirt, at that. One can, *vous savez*, have almost too much of *le Scouting*."

—JOHN J. ESPEY

PROFILES

DRAGGER CAPTAIN

I—THE PINK LACE SHIMMY IN THE HELL HOLE

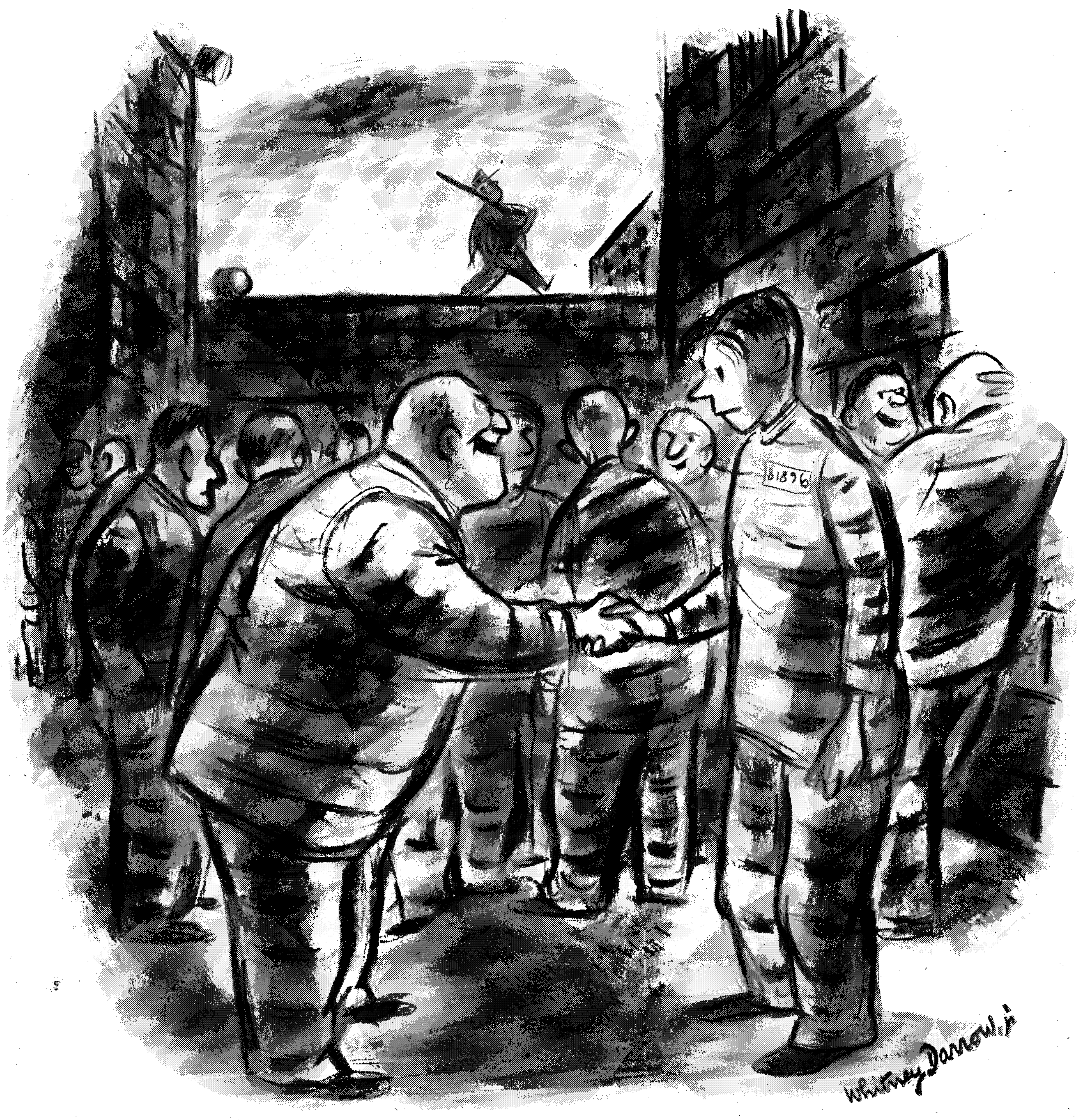


Ellery Franklin Thompson

THE biggest fishing fleet in the vicinity of New York City is a fleet of thirty wooden draggers that works out of Stonington, Connecticut. Stonington is four stations beyond New London on the New York, New Haven & Hartford. In the winter, when the trees are bare, a corner of its harbor can be glimpsed from a train. It covers a rocky jut in the mouth of Fishers Island Sound, it is close to fertile flounder grounds, it has two fish docks, and its harbor, protected by three riprap breakwaters, is an unusually safe one. Its population is two thousand and twenty-five. There are elms on its sidewalks. On four of its narrow streets—Water, Main, Church, and Elm—are eight clapboard houses that were built in the eighteenth century. The gardens in back yards are fenced with discarded fish nets; some gardeners put seaweed under their tomatoes and skates and sculpin and other trash fishes under their rosebushes. It is an old port, once rich and busy, that has declined; from the Colonial period until the Civil War, it had shipyards, sail lofts, a ropewalk, a forge that made harpoons, a ship-biscuit bakery, and a whaling fleet, and it had a sealing fleet from around 1790 until 1895. In the eighteen-seventies, this fleet brought in a hundred thousand sealskins a year for coats and lap robes. Nathaniel Brown Palmer, who discovered the Antarctic Continent, according to one school of geographers, and for whom Palmer Land in the Antarctic was named, and Edmund Fanning, who discovered the Fanning Islands in the Pacific, were Stonington sealing captains; they were looking for new seal rocks. Many of the draggermen are descendants of whalers and sealers. Two Stonington sealers, Mr. Ed Clark and Mr. Ben Chesebrough, are still alive. There is a drafty shack adjacent to Johnny Bindloss's fish dock, at the foot of a lane off Water Street, in which the draggermen kill time when it is too rough or foggy to go out on the grounds. They sit on upended lobster traps and read the *Atlantic Fisherman* and drink coffee and play poker and sharpen knives and grumble. On such days, Mr. Ed and Mr. Ben sometimes drop in and talk about their experiences as seal skinners fifty and sixty years ago. In the early summer, herds of seals would come up on the beaches of islands in the Antarctic to breed and while they were breeding the skinners would creep out from behind rocks and brain them by the dozens as cleanly as possible with clubs made of polished Connecticut oak; bullets would have marred the skins.

Stonington and Fulton Fish Market are closely linked. Several of the oldest commission firms in the market were founded by fishermen who came down from Stonington to handle shipments from relatives and friends and then branched out. Sam and Amos Chesebro (originally Chesebrough; they dropped the last three letters to save ink and time), who founded Chesebro Brothers, Robbins & Graham, were Stonington men. This firm occupies Stall 1 and is the biggest firm down there. Sam and Amos had long lives. Sam was in his late eighties when he died three years ago. Amos died in December, lacking a month of reaching ninety-three. He spent his last fifteen years reading and meditating and dozing in a sunny apartment on an upper floor of a house in Brooklyn Heights, directly across the East River from the market; on clear mornings he sat at a living-room window with a glass of bourbon at his elbow and peacefully watched through binoculars the turmoil on the market piers. Others from Stonington or close by who came down and founded firms, or became partners in ones already founded, were Hiram Burnett, Frank Noyes, A. E. Potter, George Moon, the Haley brothers, Caleb and Seabury, the Gates brothers, Stanton and Gurdon, and the Keeney brothers, Frank, Gideon, and George. The Stonington draggers catch twenty million pounds a year for Fulton Market. They go out primarily for flounders and they bring in five species—flukes, blackbacks, yellowtails, witches, and windowpanes—all of which differ in looks and flavor and all of which dishonestly appear on menus under the catch-all culinary term "filet of sole;" none of them belong to the sole family. Another species, the Baptist flounder, is caught in abundance but thrown back; it goes bad shortly after it comes out of the water, whence its name.

The Stonington draggers range from thirty to seventy feet. They are built wide for their length and about as close to the water as tugs. Half have gasoline engines, a few of which were taken out of second-hand automobiles, and the other half, the newer ones, have Diesels. Each has a cramped pilothouse. Each has a combined cabin and galley containing from two to six bunks, an oilcloth-covered table, two benches, and a coal cookstove, on which there is always a big pot of coffee. Each has a mast and a boom, from which the towropes to the net depend. Each has a winch for hoisting the loaded net aboard. Each has a fish hold and an ice bin. The Stonington draggers are well made and sturdy and are frequently overhauled. Even so, lined up at the docks, with their seaweedy nets hanging every which way from their booms to dry and with the harbor gulls fluttering down to snatch fish scraps off their decks, they always look gone to pot. They cost from ten to thirty thousand dollars. A few are owned by absentees, but the majority are owned by their captains, or by their captains and crews, who are Portuguese, Italians, and old-stock Yankees. They fish off eastern Connecticut and western Rhode Island and on the coastal shelf south of Block Island in grounds known as the Mouth, the Yellow Bank, the Hell Hole, and the Mussel Bed, working chiefly in depths between sixty and a hundred and sixty feet. The crews prefer to stay on the grounds only one day at a time. They go out before dawn, weather permitting, and drag steadily all day, sorting and icing and barrelling one haul while dragging for the next. They return at sundown and land their barrels, some at Bindloss's dock—once known as the Hancock dock, which dates back deep into sealing days—and



"Holgen, E. J. Holgen—robbery, arson, felonious assault."

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the others at Tony Longo's dock, the old Steamboat Pier, where steamboats of the Stonington Line used to depart for New York. The barrels are loaded on trailer trucks owned by the proprietors of the docks and transported during the night to the stalls in Fulton Market. Occasionally, a dragger that has picked up an exceptionally heavy load does not go to its dock but makes an overnight run down Long Island Sound straight to the market. Stonington fish are among the freshest we get.

A dragger is a small trawler. The principal difference between the Stonington draggers and the trawlers that work out of Gloucester and Boston and New Bedford and stay on the Nova Scotian banks a week a trip is size. Trawlers are two and three times the size of draggers. Both use otter trawls, which are heavy, clumsy, wide-mouthed, cone-shaped nets that are slowly dragged over the bottom and take in all the fish in their paths. The otter trawl towed by a medium-sized Stonington dragger, a fifty-footer, is a hundred and ten feet long. The mouth is eighty feet wide but puckers up to half that width when fishing; it is kept open by two doors, or otter boards, which are about as big as house doors and are rigged at such an angle, one on each side, that the pressure of the water flares them out. Towing this net at two miles an hour, a dragger can strip the fish off ten acres of bottom in an hour. Otter trawls snag easily on obstructions, and a snagged trawl usually has to be abandoned. They are expensive; the smallest, even when rigged with homemade doors, costs a hundred dollars. A Stonington captain once snagged three in one morning; he went home and got in bed and stayed there until Sunday, when he showed up in church for the first time in years, exclaiming brokenly, as he walked up the aisle, "Pray for me! Pray for me!"

There are a great many shipwrecks, clumps of rocks, and other obstructions on the Stonington bottoms. The Hell Hole is the dirtiest. It is a ground of approximately six square miles in Block Island Sound, it is crisscrossed by coastwise shipping lanes, and there are two dozen wrecks lying in it, some of which always have rotting otter trawls hanging on them. Every now and then, after rust has opened up a wreck and a storm has washed it out, a haul made in the Hell Hole is dumped on the deck of a dragger and human bones—most often a skull or a pelvic bone; they seem to last the longest in salt water—are found among the fish. On the bottom of the Mussel Bed, a ground in the open ocean off Block Island, there is a group of immense beds of horse mussels, the lips of whose shells point upward and are jagged and sharp. Dragger captains must know the locations of these beds and keep acquainted with their endlessly changing contours, and they must take great pains to skirt them; a net that even grazes one will come up with scores of holes cut and chafed in its underside, through which the fish have escaped. This ground also contains some wrecks. One is a collier, the Black Point, which was torpedoed by a German submarine in May, 1945, in the last week of the European war. The submarine lies nearby; it was depth-bombed by a destroyer as it tried to get away. The Yellow Bank is a narrow ground that runs along the Rhode Island coast from the lighthouse at Watch Hill to Weekapaug Point, a distance of six miles, and its bottom is broken here and there by beds of sponges—elephant sponge, which grows in slippery yellow lumps the size of cabbages, and a limp, tentacular species called dead man's fingers. Both of them are worthless. These animals do not damage nets, but they clog them, and they have to be sorted out of hauls, one by one, and thrown back, a time-wasting task. Some time ago, a net that had been dragged into a sponge bed came up bearing two and a half barrels of fish messily mixed in among approximately fifteen barrels of sponges. In the Mouth, a ground at the mouth of the Thames River, below New London, there are rank patches of seaweed, predominantly bladder wrack, the black, bulby kind on which live lobsters are displayed in the windows of seafood restaurants, and these have to be dodged for the same reason. All these grounds except the Mouth were entered a number of times during the war by enemy submarines, and Army and Navy aircraft dropped hundreds of aerial depth bombs in them, particularly in the Mussel Bed. Some of the heavier bombs, mostly six-hundred-and-fifty-pounders, stuck in the mud and did not explode, and are lying there still. They will be a menace for years, like the German mines in French farm land. There are suspect areas in the Hell Hole and the Mussel Bed that are shunned by draggermen and spoken of as the bomb beds. In the old days, when a winch creaked and backfired as it began to hoist a net off the bottom, indicating an exceptionally heavy haul, crews were elated and someone always shouted, "Money in the bank!," but nowadays the noise of a straining winch makes them uneasy; the net might be heavy with flounders or it might have a bomb in it. Four draggers—the Carl J., the George A. Arthur, the Gertrude, and the Nathaniel B. Palmer—have brought up a bomb apiece in their nets. The first three had their nets on deck before the bombs in them, hidden by fish, were discovered. Rather than attempt to dump them back, each went cautiously to the nearest dock, to which Navy bomb-disposal officers were summoned. The bomb caught by the fourth dragger, the Palmer, was plainly visible, but it exploded shortly after the net hove out of the water, while the crew stood staring at it, wondering what to do. It blasted the dragger and three of the four men in the crew to pieces; the fourth man was freakishly thrown clear.

RECORDER AND RUCKSACK

For Sale: 2 Bergen Rucksacks; Treble recorder, details, stamp.—*Adv. in the New Statesman & Nation.*

Now love and dreams are fled; farewell to song and trail:
A recorder in good condition, two rucksacks are for sale.

O beware the recorder and rucksack, those badges of rarefied thought
That distinguish the muscular aesthete, from Connecticut's hills to
Connaught.

For beyond the recorder and rucksack lies a world to make you daft,
Of braids and beads and bangles, and native handicraft;

Where knobby knees emerging above the hand-knit sock
Mirror the Adam's apple above the loose-tied stock;

Where, from vegetarian diet and the study of breathing deep,
It's only a step to euthenics and courses in how to sleep;

Where the lore of India beckons, and the writings of Gerald Heard,
Where earnest youth groups gather, and co-op's a magic word;

A world where the sprightly square dance ensnares the devotee,
Who enters a web more subtle than the web he sought to flee,

And who longs, as he trudges homeward from dancing on the green,
To resume the simple pleasures of Scotch and nicotine.

—Virginia Fain

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HARDWARE
ELECTRIC
FACTORY SUPPLIES
HOTEL ST GEORGE
HOTEL ST GEORGE

Because of these hazards—rocks, wrecks, mussel beds, sponge beds, bladder wrack, and bombs—it is necessary for a dragger captain to have a picture in his mind of what lies beneath every possible foot of water in the grounds he works. A captain's standing among his colleagues and the amount of ice and oil he can get on credit from the dock proprietor are based on his knowledge

COLLEGE SHOP
P Barlow

"Er—we're only in second-year high. Is that all right?"

• •

of the bottoms and his thriftiness with gear, and not on the quantity of fish he catches. A raw captain may drag blindly and bring up huge hauls for a while, but sooner or later he will snag or mussel-cut so many nets that his overhead will eat up his profits. The most highly respected captain in the Stonington fleet is a sad-eyed, easygoing Connecticut Yankee named Ellery Franklin Thompson, a member of a family that has fished and clammed and crabbed and attended to lobster traps in these waters for three hundred years.

ELLERY—he says he is called Captain Thompson or Mr. Thompson only by people who want to get something out of him—is captain and owner of the gasoline dragger Eleanor, which usually carries a crew of three, including himself. He is also a self-taught oil painter and an amateur oceanographer. His paintings, most of which are marines, hang in fishermen's homes and dockside saloons all over eastern Connecticut. Two members of the staff of the Bingham Oceanographic Laboratory at Yale University go out to the grounds on the Eleanor once a month, and Ellery helps them make oceanographic observations. Ellery is forty-seven years old and has been a draggerman for thirty years. He has worked out of five Connecticut ports—New London, Groton, Noank, Mystic, and Stonington, all of which are close together—and out of two Rhode Island ports, Newport and Point Judith. Stonington has been his home port since 1930. He keeps the Eleanor at Bindloss's dock, but he lives in New London, fourteen miles away, and drives an automobile to and fro. He lives in a four-gabled, shingle-sided, two-story house on Crystal Avenue. His widowed mother, Mrs. Florence Thompson, keeps house for him. He used to sleep in a woven-wire bunk aboard the Eleanor and do his own cooking year in and year out, going home only for Sundays, but in recent years, because of rheumatism, he has got so he rests better in a bed. He says he has discovered that home life has one disadvantage. He is a self-taught B-flat-trumpet player. While living on the Eleanor, he spent many evenings in the cabin by himself practicing hymns and patriotic music. Sometimes, out on the grounds, if he had a few minutes to kill, he would go below and practice. One afternoon, blundering around the Hell Hole in a thick summer fog, he grew tired of cranking the foghorn and got out his trumpet and stood on deck and played "The Star-Spangled Banner" over and over, alarming the crews of other draggers in the neighborhood, who thought an excursion boat was bearing down on them. After he went back to sleeping at home, he continued to practice in the evenings, but he had to give it up before long because of its effect on his mother's health. "At that time," he says, "I was working hard on three hymns—'Up from the Grave He Arose,' 'There Is a Fountain Filled with Blood,' and 'What a Friend We Have in Jesus.' I had 'What a Friend' just about where I wanted it. One evening after supper, I went in the parlor as usual and Ma was sitting on the settee reading the *Ladies' Home Journal* and I took the easy chair and went to work on 'What a Friend.' I was running through it the second or third time when, all of a sudden, Ma bust out crying. I laid my trumpet down and I asked her what in the world was to matter. 'That trumpet's what's to matter,' Ma said. 'It makes me sad.' She said it made her so sad she was having nightmares and losing weight. Under the circumstances, I decided whatever trumpet practice I did in the future, I would do it four or five miles out at sea."

Ellery is five feet nine. He is thin and rather frail. Aboard the Eleanor, he wears knee boots, trousers that are leathery with fish blood and slime, a heavy plaid woollen shirt, a pea jacket, and a misshapen old flop-brim hat that always has some toothpicks and pencil stubs stuck in its band. He walks with a pronounced stoop, favoring his left shoulder, where the rheumatism has settled, and he takes his time. "If I start to hustle and bustle," he says, "everything I eat repeats and repeats." He abhors hurry; he thinks that humanity in general has got ahead of itself. He once threatened to fire a man in his crew because he worked too hard. Ellery's face is narrow and bony and, except for the sadness in his deep-set eyes, impassive. His ears stick out, he is long-nosed, and he has a mustache. His voice is nasal but pleasant, and his Adam's apple works when he talks. A woman in Stonington in her nineties, a town character, once told him that he had an old-fashioned face. “Men's faces nowadays are either empty or worried to death, like they're dreading something,” she said. “You look the way the old Yankees around here looked when I was a girl.”

“Don't fool yourself,” Ellery said. “I guess I'm dreading something, too.”

“What are you dreading, Ellery?” she asked.

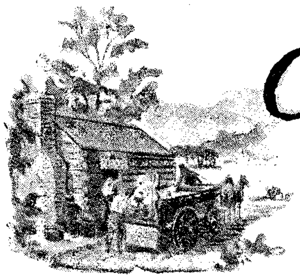
Ellery shrugged his shoulders. “I don't know,” he said. “I wish to God I did know.”

Ellery is companionable but reserved. He often sits out a weathery day in the dock shack with other draggermen, listening with enjoyment to the trade gossip and the storytelling but saying little himself. When he does get into a talking mood, much of what he says is ironical. He is deeply skeptical. He once said that the older he gets the more he is inclined to believe that humanity is helpless. “I read the junk in the papers,” he said, “and sometimes, like I'm eating in some eating joint and I can't help myself, I listen to the junk on the radio, and the way it looks to me, it's blind leading blind out of the frying pan into the fire, world without end. It's like me and Doc Clendening. There used to be a department in the New London *Day* called ‘Diet and Health.’ It was run by Dr. Logan Clendening, and he was always bright and cheerful. ‘Keep smiling!’ he'd say. ‘Worry will kill you. A good hearty laugh,’ he'd say, ‘is the best medicine. If you've got the high blood pressure, laugh! If you've got the low blood pressure, laugh! The more you laugh, the longer you'll live.’ When I was down in the dumps, I always enjoyed ‘Diet and Health.’ It was the first thing I'd turn to. It cheered me up. And then one day I picked up the paper and it said that ‘Diet and Health’ wouldn't appear no more because Dr. Clendening had cut his throat.”

Two things are mainly responsible for Ellery's outlook: rheumatism and the depression. He is one of those who are unable to forget the depression. Fish prices were at rock bottom in the thirties, and draggermen had to take foolish risks and double and triple their production to barely get by. Ellery had one brother, Morris, six years younger, who was also a dragger captain. While working in a December gale off Newport in 1931, Morris was knocked senseless by a huge wave that broke on the deck of his dragger; the wave, receding, sucked him in, and he drowned. “He shouldn't have been out there,” Ellery says, “but the poor boy had just started a family and prices were dropping and he was fighting hard to make a living.” Ellery and his father and several friends of the family took the *Eleanor* out while the gale was still in progress and began to drag for Morris's body. On the morning of the third day, when they had almost decided to quit and go in, it came up in the net.

Ellery is about as self-sufficient as a man can be. He has no wife, no politics, and no religion. “I put off getting married until I got me a good big boat,” he says. “When I got the boat and got it paid for, the depression struck. There's mighty few women that'll eat fish three times a day, and that's about all I had to offer. I kept putting it off until times got better. When times got better, I got the rheumatism. And a man in his middle forties with the chronic rheumatism, there's not much of the old Romeo left in him.” Ellery was once a Mason, but he is not now a member of any organization. “The only thing I belong to,” he says, “is the human race.” His father was a Republican and his mother is a Democrat; he says he has never put any dependence in either party and has never once voted for anybody. His family belongs to the Baptist Church; he says he has managed somehow to get along without it. “I enjoy hymns,” he says. “I enjoy the old ones, the gloomy ones. I used to go to church just to hear the good old hymns, but the sermons finally drove me away.”

ELLERY'S ancestors on both sides—his mother was a Chapman—came from England in the sixteen-thirties and settled near the mouth of the Connecticut River, probably in the Saybrook Colony. Both families have stuck pretty close to the coast of eastern Connecticut, and the majority of the men have been fishermen, mariners, or shipwrights. Some were whalers and sealers. “I'm widely related,” Ellery says, “but damn the benefit in that.” Ellery was born in Mystic, which is in the Town of Stonington but about three miles from Stonington village. When he was around ten, the family moved to New London. He is one of four children, two of whom, Morris and an elder sister, Louise, are dead. Eleanor, a younger sister, is the wife of a switchman on the New Haven; the dragger *Eleanor* was named for her. Ellery's father, Frank Thompson, who died in 1936, was a fisherman, but he occasionally did other kinds of work. One winter he was a quartermaster on a Fall River steamboat, the *City of Worcester*; another winter he was a mate on one of the Thames Tow Boat Company's ocean-going tugs, the *Minnie*, out of New London; and for a while he ran a ferry on the Thames, between Groton and New London; but he spent most of his life hand-lining and dragging in the Mouth. He was one of the first American fishermen to use the otter trawl, which is a British net. “Pa was a restless man, but a good man, a good provider,” Ellery says. “He had one bad



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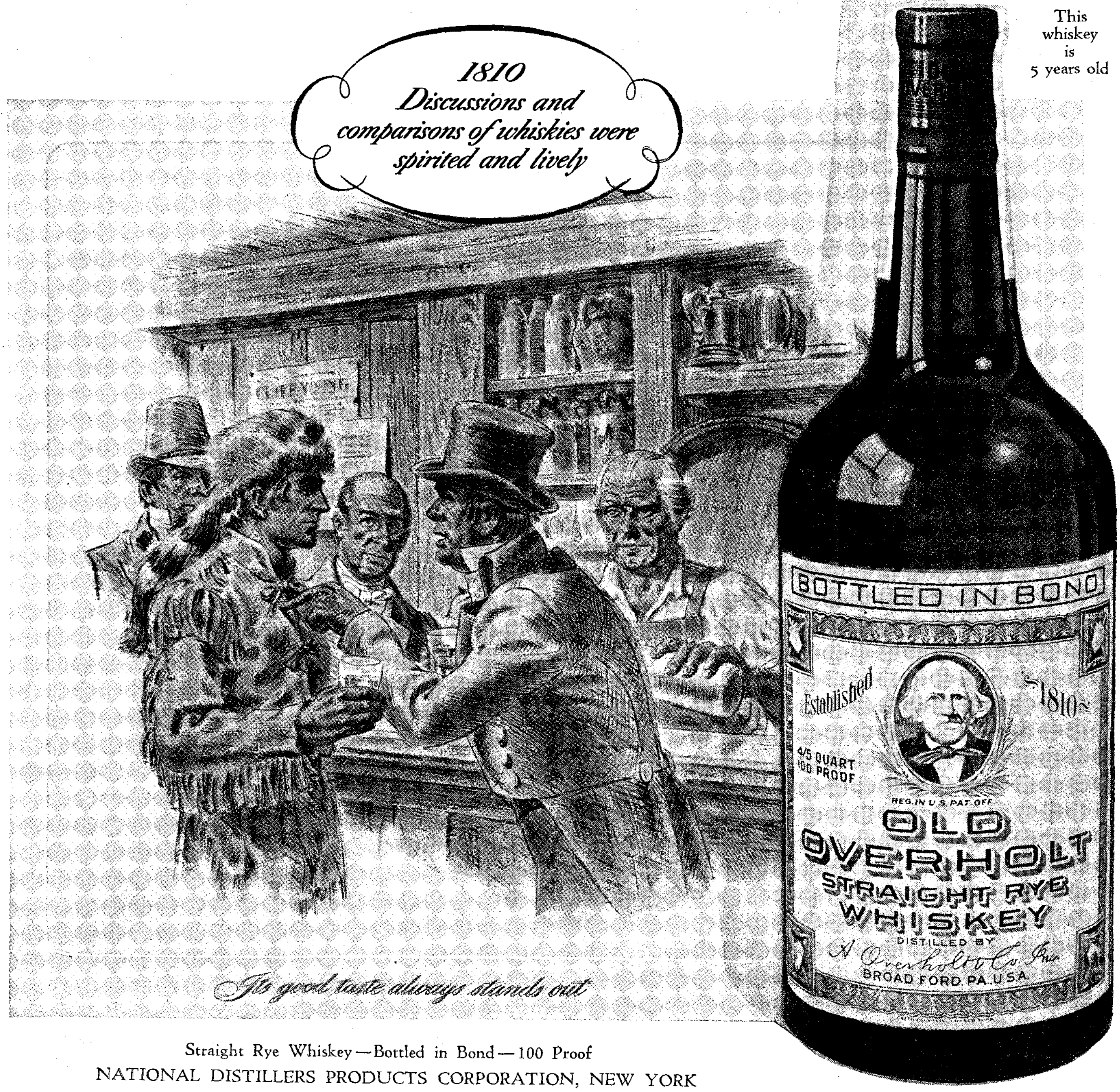
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habit. He played the trombone. He could do nearly about as much damage with a trombone as I can with a trumpet."

Ellery's father kept his dragger, the Florence, a thirty-one-footer, which was named for Mrs. Thompson, at the Old Fish Dock in New London. "I spent the happiest days of my life on that dock," Ellery says. "It was a perfect place for a boy. It was right across the tracks from the New Haven station. If you got tired looking at boats, you could step over to the station and watch a freight highball through like a bat out of hell for Boston. I despised school. I don't mean I didn't like it. Oh, Jesus, I despised it. Whatever I learned in school, I learned a whole lot more down on the Old Fish Dock. Like Pa would drop a barrel in the water off the end of the dock and teach me how to harpoon a swordfish without getting my tail wound up in the line; the barrel would be the swordfish. Or some other man would teach me how to stick little wooden plugs in the hinges of lobsters' claws; that locks their claws, so they can't kill each other during shipment. I learned how to scale and gut, how to mend nets, how to read charts, how to cut a fishhook out of your hand, how to crate crabs, and how to tie all kinds of knots and bends and hitches and splices. There were some old, old fishermen on that dock. Some went down in the whale with Jonah, to hear them tell it. They didn't go out much any more. They mostly just sat around, hawking and spitting and God-damning everything in sight. They were full of old, handed-down secrets and sayings. I learned two things from them. I learned how to judge weather, and I learned how to take the good Lord's name in vain. Like all fish docks, this dock had a shack on it with a kerosene stove inside, and I learned how to make coffee. That's important. There's nobody so worthless as a fisherman who can't make a good, strong pot of coffee. In the summer, the Block Island steamer used one side of the fish dock. It met three trains a day. Back then, Block Island was a resort for the rich. If you weren't quite rich enough for Newport, you went to one of those big wooden hotels on Block Island. It was great fun to watch the people get on and off the steamer. Some days, like the Fourth, they'd have a band aboard. The first drunk woman I ever saw was an old sister they took off the Block Island steamer. She was white-haired, and she was so saturated she didn't know Jack from jump rope. Somebody's mother. It was a revelation to me. Around that time—I must've been eleven or twelve—there was a Greek café near the station and up above were rooms for rent, and sometimes I'd notice a woman sitting in the window of one of the rooms for rent; she'd crook a finger at some man passing below or give him a wink. I'd try my damnedest to figure that out. The facts of life. If the boats were out on the grounds and nothing doing on the dock, I'd sit in the shack and read Frank books. Oh, Jesus, I enjoyed Frank books. They were called the Gun Boat Series. There was 'Frank on a Gun Boat,' 'Frank Before Vicksburg,' 'Frank on the Lower Mississippi,' 'Frank in the Woods,' and 'Frank the Young Naturalist.' I've still got some Frank books on my dresser at home. Every so often, I get one down. You take 'Frank on the Lower Mississippi'—I bet I've read it thirty times. When I was sixteen, I got into first-year high school, but I couldn't stand it. I went to Pa and I told him, 'One more day of that mess—*amo, amas, amat*—just one more day, and I'll drown myself.' Pa said he guessed he'd sooner have an ignorant living son than a highly educated dead one, and next morning I went out on the grounds with him."

In 1920, after working with his father in the Florence for four years, Ellery borrowed four thousand dollars from a firm of fish shippers in New London and bought a dragger of his own, the Grace and Lucy. He lived on flounders and coffee, cut corners, went out in foul and fair, and paid for her in a year and ten months. He had a lot of affection for her, but she was top-heavy and she rolled and pounded. In 1924, he sold her and bought another, which he named the Louise, after his sister. "The Louise was rolly, too," he says. "She was the Grace and Lucy all over again." These were small draggers; both were less than forty feet. At the end of 1926, Ellery decided to build a new one, a bigger one. "I didn't want a whore's dream," he says. "On the other hand, I didn't want a barge. I wanted a good, plain working boat that would squat down in the water and let the net know who was boss. I wanted to crowd everything I could up forward, engine and winch and cabin and pilothouse and life dory, so I'd have plenty of deck in the stern to empty my net on. I tried to explain this to some boat-yard fellows, some professional designers, but they had ideas of their own. They tried to talk me into one of those boats with so much labor-saving gear on them you're so busy saving labor you can't get any work done. I decided I'd take a chance and design my own boat, about like a fellow up for some awful crime would decide to be his own lawyer." Ellery made a study of several draggers in the Noank and Stonington fleets whose behavior in rough water he admired, and he went to the boat yards and examined the designs from which they had been built. Then he sat down with some dime-store calipers and rulers and made inboard and deck-arrangement plans for a fifty-foot dragger to be called the Eleanor. He made them on the backs of two wrinkled Coast and Geodetic charts. He showed these plans to a friend named Ernest C. Daboll. Mr. Daboll was, as he still is, editor of the *New England Almanac and Farmer's Friend*, familiarly called *Daboll's Weather Book*, which has been published in New London by the Daboll family almost continuously since 1772. Many old fishermen still have more respect for its weather predictions than for those broadcast on the radio. Mr. Daboll is also a surveyor and draftsman. He corrected Ellery's plans and had them blueprinted. Early in 1927, Ellery sold the Louise, withdrew his savings, borrowed some more money, and took these blueprints to the Rancocas boat yard, in Delanco, New Jersey, down near Camden. "The Eleanor was launched the middle of May," Ellery says. "Oh, Jesus, I was nervous. When I started up the coast with her, I took a quart of gin along, in case of disappointment, but I didn't even unscrew the cap. Much to my satisfaction, she turned out good. In fact, she turned out perfect." Ellery is disinclined to tell how much the Eleanor cost. "What she cost doesn't mean a thing," he says. "She's getting old and frazzly, but I wouldn't sell her for what she cost, or nowheres near. I wouldn't sell her for fifteen thousand dollars."

In his first two boats, Ellery was nomadic. If a rumor came down from Martha's Vineyard that there was a

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phenomenal run of cod off Gay Head, he would fill his gasoline tanks and go up there. If he heard that swordfish had been sighted foraging on mackerel off Montauk Point, he would sharpen some lily irons and go out and try to strike a few. One morning, in the Louise, working out of New London, he and his mate went on a scallop-dredging trip, fully intending to be back that night. Instead, for three weeks they strayed down the coast, dredging until nightfall and then putting in at the nearest port to express their scallops to Fulton Market. They reached Sheepshead Bay before turning back. "If there was a speakeasy near the fish dock in those ports, and there usually was," Ellery says, "we'd hole up in it and hobnob with the riffraff. I remember one speakeasy down on Great South Bay that was run by three sisters. All were red-headed and all were widows. They were called the Three Merry Widows. It was a disgraceful way of life, and I sure did enjoy it." Ellery found that the Eleanor was much more of a responsibility than his other boats. Shortly after getting her, he quit wandering and began concentrating on the Mouth, the Yellow Bank, and the Hell Hole.

THERE are two kinds of dragger captains: those who go out every day the weather allows and drag all over everywhere, figuring if they cover enough bottom they are bound to run into fish sooner or later, and those who carefully pick their days and drag only in areas where they are pretty sure fish are congregating. In his youth, Ellery was of the first kind; he is now the best example in the Stonington fleet of the second kind. He has a vast memory of the way the six species of flounders inhabiting the Stonington grounds have behaved in all seasons under all sorts of weather conditions. Consequently, he can foretell their migrations, sometimes to the day. Blackbacks, for example, the sweetest-meated of the flounders, spend the summer in the cold water offshore. Some time in the late fall, they begin moving inshore by the millions to the shallows, where they spawn. The biggest hauls are made during this migration. Ellery is always ready for the blackbacks. He knows the routes they follow and the best places to intercept them. Frank Muise, his mate, and Charlie Brayman, his third man, profess to believe that he thinks like a flounder. "Ellery doesn't need much sleep," Brayman says. "He only sleeps four or five hours. The rest of the night, he lies in bed and imagines he's a big bull flounder out on the ocean floor. When the blackbacks get restless, he gets restless. One morning he shows up at the dock with an odd look in his eye and he says, 'The blackbacks commenced moving into the coves last night.' And I say, 'How the hell do you know?' And he says, 'Let's go out to the Hell Hole and try that run between Charlestown Inlet and the Nebraska Shoal.' Or he says, 'Let's go up to the Mouth and drag in between Seaflower Reef and the North Dumpling.' He never misses. We go where he says and we always hit them where they're good and thick." Ellery has a simpler explanation. "I take a look at the weather," he says, "and I act accordingly."

Ellery is also an extraordinarily skillful wreck fisher. Fish forgather in great numbers around wrecks, some to feed on the mollusks, crustaceans, sea worms, and other organisms that they harbor, and some to feed on those that are feeding on these organisms. If pickings elsewhere are thin, a few of the more self-confident captains will risk their nets to get at such fish. By trial and error and by hearsay, Ellery long ago learned the location and shape and condition—whether sitting, lying on a side, or broken up—of every wreck in the Mouth and the Hell Hole. On calm, clear days, when he can take accurate ranges on rocks and buoys and on landmarks ashore, he goes out and methodically drags up close to a dozen or so of these. The others are so decayed and their pieces scattered about so treacherously that even he will not approach them. He usually starts with the Larchmont, a Boston-to-New York passenger steamer that collided with a lumber schooner in February, 1907, drowning a hundred and thirty-one people, and ends with a coal barge that sank from a leak in May, 1944. He drags around the barge more for the coal that spills out of it during storms than for fish. He burns this coal in the Eleanor's galley stove. Some nights, he fills the back seat of his automobile with Hell Hole coal and takes it home.

Ellery is an almost overly cautious captain, and he says that wreck fishing made him so. "Once I heard a contractor tell about cutting a ditch through a graveyard," he says. "It reminded me of wreck fishing. Many and many a time I've brought up a skull in the net, or a stray bone or two. Oh, Jesus! Once I brought up a jawbone with nine teeth left in it, and there was a gold filling in every tooth; some had middle fillings *and* side fillings. Whoever he was—him or her, I couldn't tell which—the poor soul sure God wasted a lot of time in the dentist chair. Once I was fishing with my brother Morris. I was below eating lunch and Morris was on deck sorting a haul and he found a skull in a bunch of seaweed. The roots of the seaweed had grown around the skull and had kept it intact; the jaw was still in working order. Morris was standing there, opening and shutting the jaw with his hands, just to see if it would, when I came on deck munching on a big juicy peach. Morris looked at me, and then he looked at that toothy jaw, and then he took sick. He took violently sick. All kinds of odds and ends come up. One day a bucket of U.S. Navy paint came up, a five-gallon bucket of battleship gray. We prized the lid off and there wasn't a thing wrong with it I could see. Some sailor probably took a dislike to it and heaved it in. We used it on the Eleanor. Another day, what came up only a woman's pink lace shimmy. Some woman on a summer yacht probably got a couple of whiskey sours in her and flung it off. Oh, it was a pretty thing. It had roses and butterflies on it. We tied it to a stay and flew it like a flag all that summer. Johnny Bindloss said no doubt some mermaid off Newport lost it. 'Over around Newport,' he said, 'even the mermaids wear pink lace shimmies.' Back during prohibition, there were some rum runners around eastern Connecticut. Some were Canucks and some were local boys. They used to buoy their booze in shoal water in the Hell Hole. They'd wrap the bottles in straw and sew them up in tarpaulin bags, twenty-four bottles to a bag. They were called buoy bags. Sometimes a storm'd part one from the buoy and it'd go wandering around on the bottom. One hot August afternoon, we emptied the net and out dropped a buoy bag. Twenty-four bottles of square-bottle Scotch. The crew wanted to pitch right in, but I could just visualize the consequences, so I argued and pleaded we ought to store it and use it in the winter for chills. So we stored it. Fifteen minutes later, the mate complained he had a chill. Then the third man's teeth began to chatter. Then I began to feel a little shivery myself. It was a week before things got back to normal. I don't mind buoy bags. It's the bones I mind. I had a mate once, a peculiar man, a Rhode Islander, and every time a bone came up, or a skull, he'd squat down and study it. 'Throw that thing back where it came from,' I'd tell him. He'd study it some more, and he'd say, 'Ellery, there's many and many a secret buried out there in that Hell Hole.' And I'd say, 'Damn the secrets! Please do like I told you and throw that thing overboard.' Oh, I dread those bones. There but for the grace of God go I. Sometimes I take chances. Like a fog comes up, and I keep right on dragging. Then, all of a sudden, I think of those bones, and I don't fool around no more; I open her up and I head for the dock."

Although Ellery puts in an appearance at Bindloss's dock every weekday, usually before dawn, he seldom goes out on the grounds more than three days a week. Last year, he went out only a hundred and thirty days. Nevertheless, he shipped seventeen hundred and twenty-six barrels to Fulton Market, each holding approximately two hundred pounds of fish. There are boats that went out one-third again as many days and did not catch as much. Ellery ships to John Feeney, Inc., in Stall 13. Feeney's is the company that once employed Alfred E. Smith as a basket boy. Ellery is not the kind of man who will talk about how much he makes. "That's what's known as nobody's business," he says. On a fish dock, everybody knows everybody else's business, and three of Ellery's closest friends estimate he cleared six thousand dollars last year, maybe a thousand more, maybe a thousand less. His mate and his third man probably cleared between twenty-five hundred and three thousand each. Like all captain-owners in the Stonington fleet, Ellery works on shares with his crew under the forty-per-cent system; that is, at the end of each week, from the Eleanor's earnings, less operating expenses (gasoline, oil, ice, and barrels), forty per cent is subtracted. This percentage, called the boat's share, goes to Ellery; out of it, he pays for nets and gear, repairs, drydocking, insurance, taxes, and so on. The balance is split equally among Ellery, Muise, and Brayman.

Young draggermen regard Ellery with awe because of his frugality with gear. He once went a year and seven months without snagging a net. Unlike most draggermen, he doesn't buy ready-made nets; he buys netting by the yard and sews and ties his own. He gets the netting from George Wilcox, who runs a net loft on his farm in Quiambaug Cove, a crossroads village between Stonington and Mystic. There is a sign in this loft which reads,

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"NO CREDIT EXTENDED IN HERE UNLESS OVER 75 YRS OF AGE & ACCOMPANIED BY GRANDPARENTS." "I'm related to George," Ellery says. "I guess we're cousins. My grandmother on Pa's side was a Wilcox. They're a long-lived set of people. George is in his eighties and the Wilcoxes don't hardly consider him full-grown; he's got two brothers and a sister older than him. There was another brother, but he died some months ago. His name was Jessie. Jessie was ninety-three years old and getting on close to ninety-four, but he was still able to do a little light work around the farm. A few days before he died, he was breaking up some boulders with a sledge hammer, so he could use them in a stone fence. He had a blood blister on his left thumb he'd got shingling a roof and couldn't use his left hand at all and he was swinging the sledge hammer with one arm and the boulders were great big ones and the job was taking him twice as long as it ordinarily would and it aggravated him. A pouring-down rain came up and he wouldn't stop. He worked right through it and he got the pneumonia. The only reason he died, they took him to the hospital. Jessie never slept good in a strange bed. Around midnight, he got up in the dark and put on his clothes, intending to slip downstairs and strike out for home, but he fell over something and broke his hip. The Wilcoxes used to operate a big fish-scrap factory on the Cove, the Wilcox Fertilizer Company. That's the reason they're so long-lived. The factory was just across the yard from the house and the prevailing wind blew the fish-scrap smell right into the house. This smell was so strong it killed all the germs in the air, and it was so rich it nourished you and preserved you. People in poor health for miles around learned about this and used to come in droves and sit all day on the porch, especially people with the asthma and the dropsy. Some days, there'd be so many sitting on the porch, getting the benefit of the smell, that it was quite a struggle for the Wilcoxes to get in and out of the house." —JOSEPH MITCHELL

(This is the first of two articles on Captain Thompson.)

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WORDS OF ONE SYLLABLE DEPT.

[Adv. in the Times]

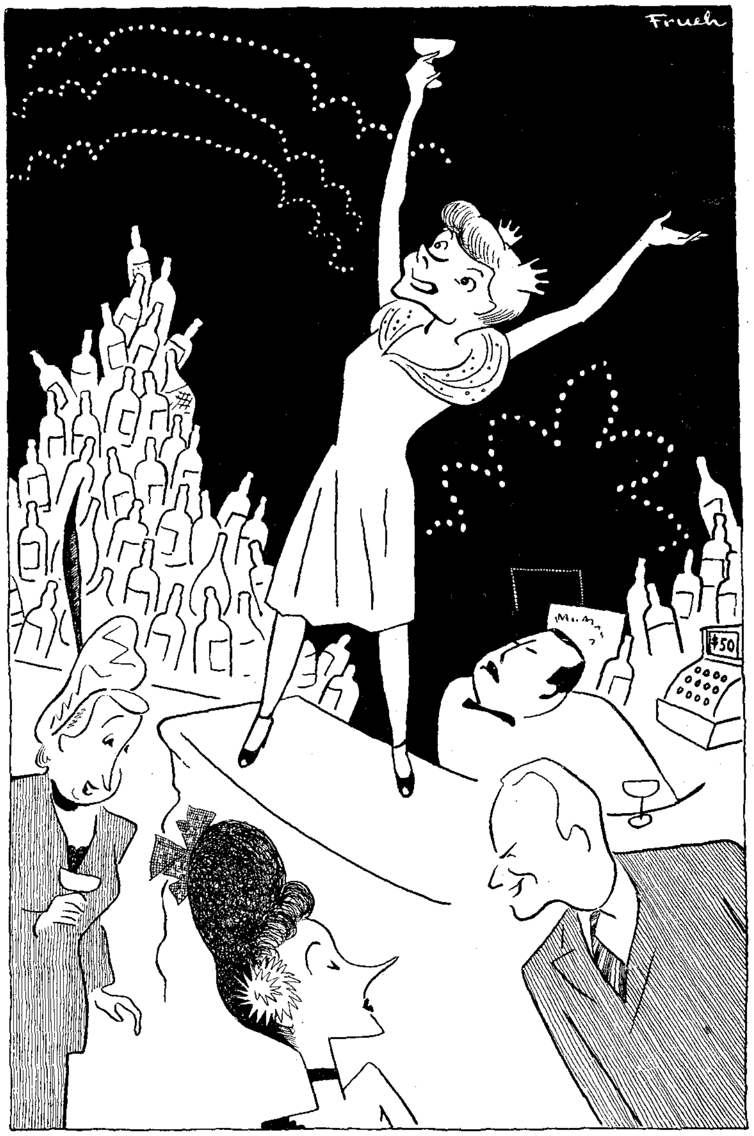
LAST WEEK! BY INSISTENT PUBLIC DEMAND
KATHERINE DUNHAM
in a
Musical Revue of
Caribbean Exotica

THE THEATRE

DELUGE

SIX plays, of almost every possible variety and vintage, made their appearance in the space of three days last week—an avalanche of entertainment recalling those high old times back in the Coolidge administration when the theatre contrived some new delight or torment for us nearly every night. The peak came on Wednesday, when the critics, all haggard with Christmas cheer, were asked to consider "Burlesque," a revival of a celebrated comic valentine, first offered here in 1927; "Wonderful Journey," a fantasy that in some mysterious way had previously appeared as a moving picture called "Here Comes Mr. Jordan;" and "Lovely Me," a new work that, under the title of "The Temporary Mrs. Smith," was reported to have undergone some fairly drastic surgery out of town. On Thursday, the survivors were asked for their opinions of "Beggar's Holiday," a modernized version of "The Beggar's Opera," and of "Toplitzky of Notre Dame," a musical comedy, obviously about football and presumably about love. The final entry, on Friday, was called "Temper the Wind," an enterprise about which little was known in advance except that it contained Miss Blanche Yurka.

The daily papers, being equipped to field three able-bodied critics at a time, managed to deal with this superabundance of gaiety without visible strain. My own situation was a little more troublesome, both because the idea of employing an assistant for a man whose average working week runs to something like six hours has never appealed very strongly to my superiors in this office and because the printer, whose inscrutable whims are now the editors' law, had decreed that, owing to the holidays, he would be unable to accept any copy, however fascinating, written after high noon on Friday. The result of all this is that I can give you here my estimates of only two out of the six and will have to reserve the others for a subsequent report. My reasons for choosing "Burlesque" and "Beggar's Holiday" were, I guess, more or less arbitrary: the first involved pleasant, sentimental memories nearly twenty years old; the second, with a score by Duke Ellington and a cast including a lot of people I had admired in the past, just sounded as if it might be fun.



"HAPPY BIRTHDAY"

Helen Hayes is demonstrating the kind of behavior you have to expect from a girl who isn't used to drinking Pink Ladies. The assorted tavern types down around her feet are, reading clockwise, Jack Diamond, Louis Jean Heydt, Lorraine Miller, and Enid Markey. Anita Loos's comedy is at the Broadhurst.

"BURLESQUE," which first turned up in that wonderfully robust period, between 1924 and 1929, that gave us plays like "What Price Glory?," "Street Scene," "Broadway," and "The Front Page," has, I think, most of the virtues and faults of its time—it has, that is, neat construction, sustained pace, good, rowdy dialogue, and a rather exciting story—but all these qualities, unfortunately, are somewhat diminished by a curiously adolescent outlook on life and a tendency to confuse violent activity with emotional force. The plot, for the benefit of those who may have forgotten as well as for those who never knew, deals with the moral and physical collapse of a burlesque comedian and his final redemption by his sorely tried but loyal wife. In the beginning, he is the star of a third-rate company touring the Middle West, and though he has been unfaithful to her with a rather metallic blonde in the company, she loves him enough to confine her protests to a few wifely comments on his taste and even to discourage a rich and handsome admirer of her own, who offers her a ranch on strictly honorable terms. The real trouble, in fact, doesn't start until he goes to New York, leaving her behind, to appear in some equivalent of the "Ziegfeld Follies," in which, of course, the blonde is also employed. His downfall, from then on, is inevitable and certainly very gratifying to all proper moralists in the audience. In addition to

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adultery, he takes to drink, and his wife reluctantly makes up her mind to divorce him and marry her cowboy. This, naturally, is definitely the end of him, and very soon he has drunk himself to a point where even the Minsky Brothers are unwilling to take a chance on him. As previously noted, she saves him at the final curtain, but it is quite a struggle, involving one of the most agonizing conversions to sobriety ever offered on the stage.

All this, as you can see, is sentimental, more than a little absurd, and even something of a tax on your credulity. Nevertheless, I think it is still an engaging and often a pretty hilarious play. The plot may easily be nonsense, but the broad, timeless humors of burlesque stand up extraordinarily well (a scene, for instance, displaying an almost unbearable tenor singing "The Sheik of Araby," a remarkably unaphrodisiac strip-tease artist, and the most sullen and exhausted chorus you ever saw is parody on the same high level as the night-club number in "Pal Joey") and the hero's disintegration, while presented with a good deal of naïveté, is always picturesque and in the last act, when he staggers through the old routine though clearly close to death, really quite exciting to watch.

My memory of the first production, which starred Hal Skelly and Barbara Stanwyck, is not clear enough to allow a very detailed comparison. I should say that Mr. Skelly was a bit more satisfactory then than Bert Lahr is now, on the ground that he created a character suitable to the mood of the play, while his successor is largely contented with a vehement impersonation of himself. It strikes me that this shift of emphasis from drama to comedy has a tendency to throw everything a little out of focus, but, as everybody knows, elderly critics have a habit of glorifying the past at the expense of the present, and I am probably mistaken. In any case, Mr. Lahr is undoubtedly a very funny man. Jean Parker, like Miss Stanwyck, is an extremely handsome girl, and if she occasionally gives the impression of a nice young matron trying to get in the spirit of a tough party, she is at least a great pleasure to observe. Now and then, the others seemed to miss the point of their lines, throwing away a good many laughs, but I'm sure that Arthur Hopkins, who was one of the original authors and who directed the current production at the Belasco, has corrected that by now.

WHETHER or not you are likely to enjoy "Beggar's Holiday" depends, I should say, on a great many matters of personal taste. The customer, that is, who is really going to have the time of his life at the Broadway should have at least a majority of the following qualifications: He should be an admirer of a kind of music that is apt to be described as interesting rather than as melodious, since Duke Ellington's score is less distinguished for the qualities that get tunes on hit parades than it is as a single, sustained composition, establishing a mood—often, it seemed to this conventional ear, by the use of rather alarming and monotonous dissonances. He should be so superior to the simple-minded pleasantries of the usual musical-comedy book that any change will seem to him an improvement, even, as in the case of the specimen provided here by John Latouche, one that frequently discards intelligibility altogether in favor either of a kind of disjointed symbolism or else of a modernized version of the old movie-chase technique, stimulating but essentially maniacal. He should be broad-minded to a point where one of the most explicit and genuinely depraved sporting-house scenes ever staged will cause him no moral uneasiness, and that a whole evening of the sort of humor that might have embarrassed Queen Elizabeth, and would certainly have finished Victoria, will not strike him as just possibly a little too much hearty vulgarity. And, finally, he should be such a devotee of the frantic, strangulated comedy of Zero Mostel that he can never get enough of him. Since, except for being nervously fascinated by Mr. Mostel, though only in moderation, I can pass none of the above tests, I'm afraid that my report on "Beggar's Holiday" must be unfavorable.

There are, of course, a great many pleasant things on view at the Broadway. The story, owing a very small debt now to John Gay's amiable ghost, has its appealing moments, such as the one when the various ladies who have succumbed to the hero discover indignantly that he has seduced them all with precisely the same words—most of which, incidentally, he seems to have borrowed from a book called "For Whom the Bell Tolls"—and another when the father of his unfortunate bride urges her to turn him over to the police for execution, like a sensible girl, and collect his insurance. The dances, contrived by Valerie Bettis and performed by such astonishingly nimble people as Avon Long and Marie Bryant, have a great deal of style and spirit; the scenery and costumes, by Oliver Smith and Walter Florell, respectively, are usually charming and often, particularly in the case of the bordello number and another, taking place in a hobo jungle, even brilliant; and Mr. Latouche's lyrics, though somewhat handicapped by difficult music and by a good many voices not quite up to the demands made on them, are almost invariably neat and witty. Alfred Drake, as the unspeakable Macheath, sings his songs very handsomely, and his behavior, both as a gangster and as a lover, is properly sinister, and the girls who keep turning up in his active life—Bernice Parks, as a fine, blowzy madam; Jet MacDonald, as his pretty, backward wife; and Mildred Smith, as the Police Chief's susceptible daughter—are all decorative and talented. On the whole, though, I'm sorry to say that these blessings don't seem quite enough. I'm sure a novel evening has been provided at the Broadway, but somehow or other it doesn't seem to stick together very well.

—WOLCOTT GIBBS

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This week, we introduce one of our favorite history teachers, Mr. John W. Davis.

If, by any chance, some of you kids don't know Mr. Davis when you see him, he is about five feet eight inches tall, medium build, Pink eyes, and a luscious smile.

—*From a Grossmont (Calif.) high-school paper.*

If you kids didn't know him before, you certainly know him now.

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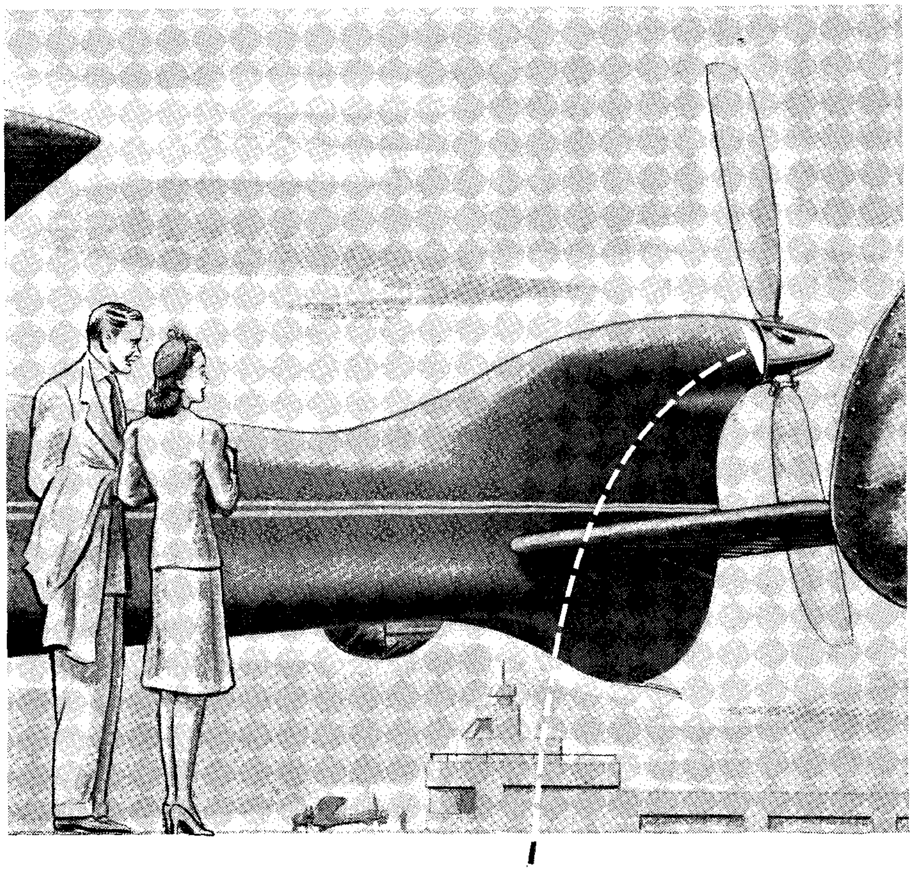
DEPT. OF UNDERSTATEMENT

[*From the Chicago Sun*]

If he is found guilty, he faces a maximum of 50 years in prison and probably professional ruin.



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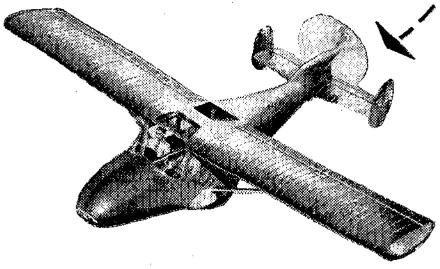

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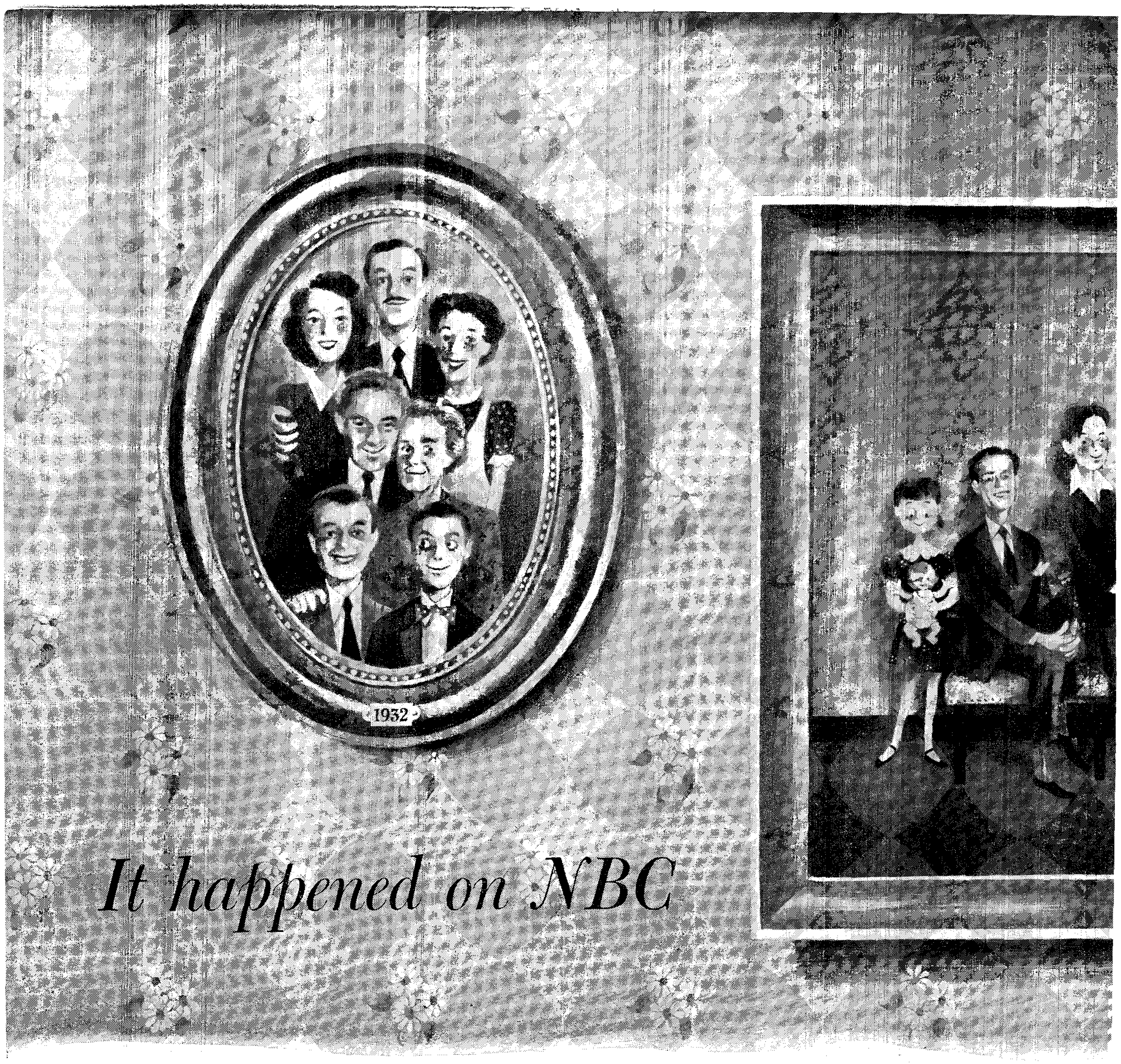

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The bewildering offspring of Fanny and Henry Barbour now have equally bewildering offspring of their own. Listeners who were parents when they first heard *One Man's Family* have now become grandparents. Listeners who were in their teens when they first became Barbour fans, have gone through the war listening to *One Man's Family* from Iceland to Iwo Jima—and now have come home to establish families of their own. Youngsters who were not yet born when the Barbours came to NBC are now close friends of Pinky, Hank, Joan, Penny and Margaret—today's younger set of *One Man's Family*. And while Father Barbour's "Yes, yes" may be a little more weary, it is balanced by little Margaret's charm, and adolescent Pinky's struggles to interpret the working of the adult mind.

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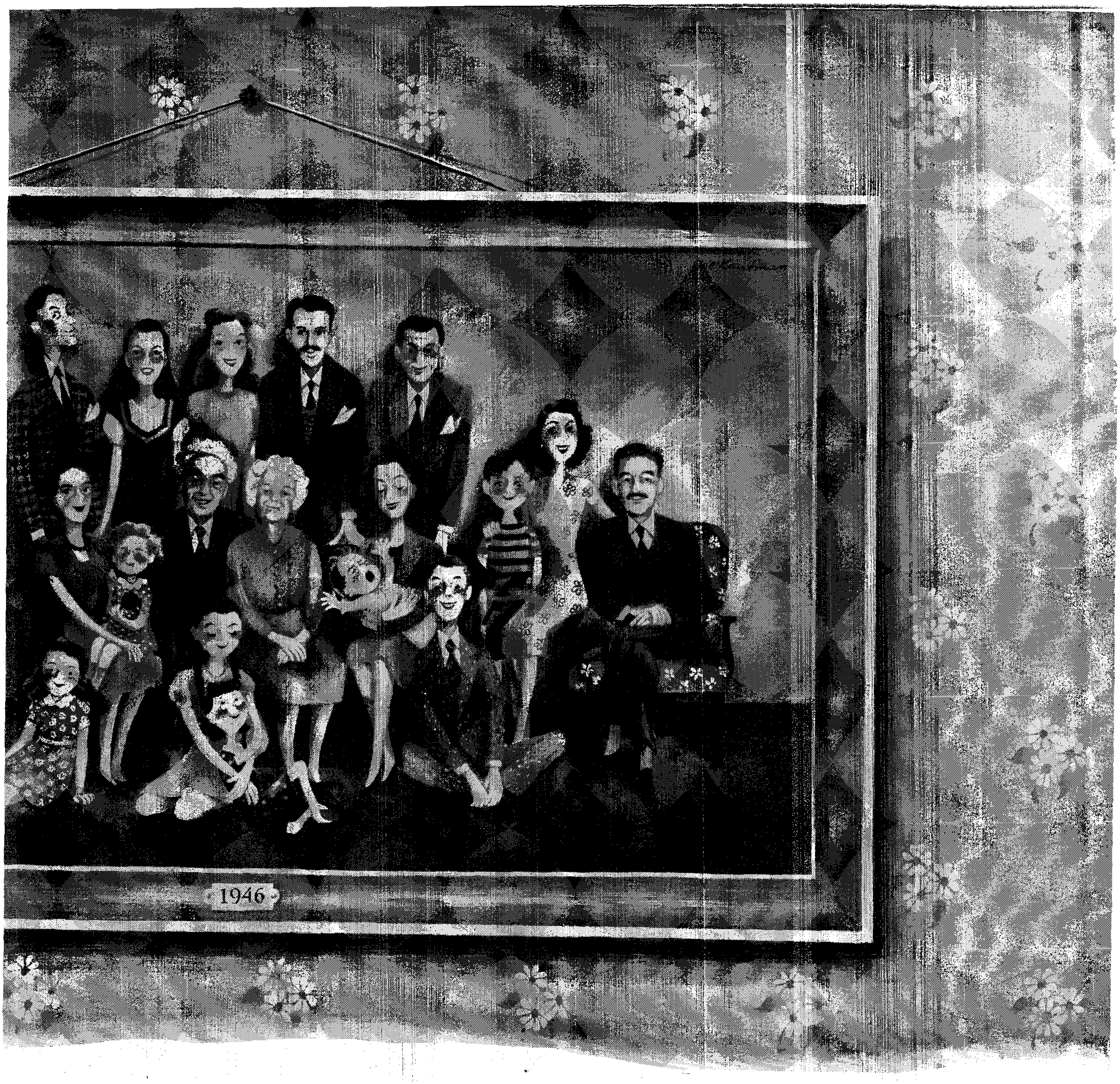

Back in 1932, Carlton E. Morse envisioned a radio program which would reflect the American way of life in millions of listening homes. In March of that year he introduced *One Man's Family* over a San Francisco station. One month later the new series moved to the NBC Pacific Coast Network. In May 1933 it went coast to coast. Today it is broadcast over 144 stations of the NBC Network every Sunday afternoon at 3:30 Eastern Time.

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THE ART GALLERIES

France Forever, and Everywhere

THERE have been very few French exhibitions of importance so far this season, for some reason or other. But that has all been taken care of now, with a bang, by a combined loan showing, involving no less than six galleries, for the benefit of American Aid to France. (There is actually a seventh show, at Duveen, but it is devoted to Louis XVI furnishings, and I think that the painting collections should be enough to occupy us here.) Since six galleries—the Wildenstein, Durand-Ruel, Carroll Carstairs, Bignou, Knoedler, and Paul Rosenberg—are concerned, the whole enterprise might easily have turned into a shambles if it hadn't been for (1) the fact that French art is the matter under consideration, and (2) the further fact that some feeling for over-all planning has gone into the arrangements, to forestall too many repetitions among the collections.

ART
gallery

As it is, French art turns out to be more than strong enough to stand the strain it is subjected to. There is a minimum of overlapping, and despite some faults and a persistent air of going the long way around to accomplish its admirable purpose, the affair is generally successful, though it will doubtless prove fairly wearing on the legs of those who make the circuit. The Wildenstein show starts the thing off, chronologically, with a small but extremely well-selected group of fourteenth- to sixteenth-century pieces; Knoedler, taking over from there, brings us up to the present with a collection that ranges from a late-sixteenth-century Jean de Court portrait of Queen Maria of Austria, very sharply and adroitly painted, to a Cézanne portrait, "Madame Cézanne en Bleu;" a nice Bonnard, "Paysage de Vernon;" and a study of a woman sewing called "Intérieur," by Vuillard, brown in tone and beautifully organized, which reveals all his peculiar ability to bring a gentle, wistful poetry to the commonplaceness of French bourgeois surroundings. After that, things get pretty much late nineteenth century. Rosenberg has a long-overdue exhibition of paintings by Manet (his last one-man show here was way back in 1937). Durand-Ruel concentrates on Renoir, and Bignou shows Rouault and, as a sort of lagniappe, Bonnard, a show of whose work was already planned when the American Aid project was conceived. Carroll Carstairs, focussing on much the same period, has a group.

Since this complicated and elaborate setup was organized by one group, for one purpose, and presumably in the hope that visitors would go the whole rounds, I think it ought first to be judged collectively. Looking at it in that light, one gets the feeling that there is a certain hastiness about its composition—no more, perhaps, than in most charity shows, which often give the impression of having been whipped up at the last moment, but enough to be unsettling. (The Rouault section at the Bignou, for example, made up largely of small, early paintings, offers almost no idea of the man's real capacities.) There are gaps of some magnitude—no Corot, no Courbet, no Delacroix, no abstractionists, and no one later than the post-Impressionists—and if anyone starts on his tour with the idea that he is going to get a survey of French artistic history, he will surely be disappointed. A good many of the shows are too small to be worth not the price of admission (for that, after all, is a matter of one's charitable impulse) but the amount of traipsing around that the whole thing entails.

There is, however, no question but that two of the exhibitions are really outstanding. Manet, as I've said, hasn't been shown here in solo for quite a few years, though he was one of the greatest figures of the Impressionist period, and the collection at the Rosenberg, in addition to putting him, so to speak, into circulation again, is an exceptionally well-balanced set of paintings. There is an early genre subject, "Le Gamin au Chien," done in 1860, to illustrate his rather dark, Courbetesque beginnings, and a small group of others, such as the charming "La Promenade" and the sparklingly sunny street scene called "Le 30 Juin 1878, Rue de Berne," to suggest his occasional dips into straight Impressionism. But Manet was never a true convert to Impressionism (I think "Le 30 Juin" is as close as he ever came to full use of the technique), and the rest of the show gives a just if rather rapid summary of his other predilections, in both style and subject matter: his Spanish phase is represented by "Le Ballet Espagnol," his Moorish period by the wonderfully expressive "La Sultane," and his interest in racing scenes by the large, brightly painted "Les Courses au Bois de Boulogne."

And if the Rouault section at the Bignou is disappointing, the larger Bonnard group, which I shall persist in linking with the American Aid shows, is not. Bonnard, too, is a man who is rarely exhibited at full length in this country, and the war still further deprived us of knowledge of him. He survived it, however, and, at the age of seventy-nine, is still painting. The new show, which goes as far back in dates as his dark "The Loge," done in 1908, gives us, like the Manet one, a compact and yet comprehensive study of his work. Bonnard's style, of course, is as ingratiating, delicate, and engaging as Manet's was firm and forthright. He is perhaps most of all a colorist, and it would be hard to find anywhere color passages more sensitively and more musically organized than some of those in the Degaslike "Bather" of 1916, the "Interior with Nude" of 1935, and the yellow-green "Interior at Le Cannet," which was finished in 1943.

The Renoirs, at Durand-Ruel, are excellent, too (note particularly the graceful, pearly-textured "Baigneuse Assise" of 1885 and the "Canotiers à Bougival" of four years earlier, neither of which has been shown in this country before), and, for the matter of that, you'll find nice pieces scattered throughout the joint exhibitions—a fine Cézanne "Auvers, Vu des Environs" and a handsome Pissarro "Place du Théâtre-Français, Effet de Brume" at the Carstairs; a small, remarkably vivid portrait of the Polish King Stephen Báthory, by Corneille de Lyon and a lushly Italianate "Diana and Actaeon," by François Clouet, at the Wildenstein; and so on. I just wish that they weren't quite so scattered as they are.

—Robert M. Coates

•

Details of what promised to develop into the first major "scandal" to touch professional football were disclosed yesterday with the arrest of a "fixer" who admittedly attempted to bribe two of the leading players of the New York Football Giants to "throw" the playoff championship game with the Chicago Bears.—*The Times.*

"Goodness" "me"!

•

BLOCK THAT METAPHOR!

[*Virgil Thomson in the Herald Tribune*]

The tempos were all correct and the balances proper, but the work tended to tread water for lack of a plain emotional trajectory.

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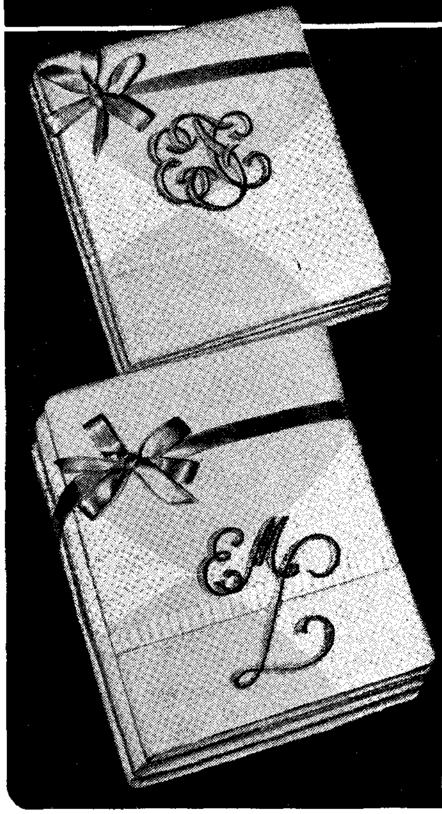

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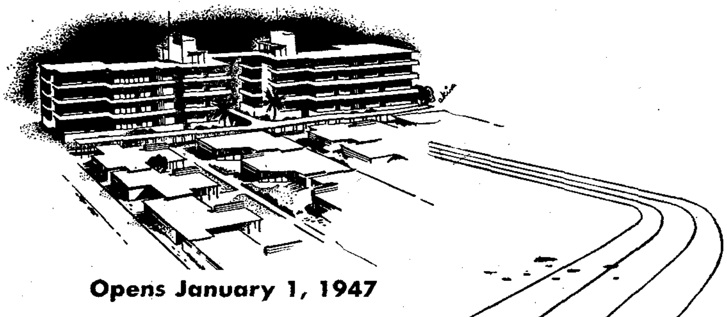

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GOD REST YE MERRY, CHRISTMAS

NOW that the holiday is over, it is encouraging to notice the change in the crowds. Whether lined up for buses or waiting to cross the avenues, the people seem to have improved temperamentally; their ugly faces are somewhat more normal and relaxed and have lost the expression of irritable rapacity that always accompanies the spirit of Christmas. Their gestures, too, are less aggressive and disorderly. Instead of keeping their fists and elbows in motion, they allow their arms to hang loose, almost suggesting tranquillity. While still nomadic, they have stopped stampeding, lurching into each other, pummelling from the rear and treading on each other's heels. In fact, the barbarous hordes, having reached a more desirable emotional plateau, have calmed down. Their struggles over, their passions temporarily spent, their tensions eased, they have subsided into a state of comparative quiescence.

No longer do you see desperate parents dragging their screaming children away from Schwarz's windows. Overladen ladies no longer lose their hats on windy corners while others, holding their hats, drop all their bundles. The surly imprecations of the bus driver as he urges the hateful passengers on and off are reduced in volume. The ferocity of the cop is modified. In the shops, miserable creatures that once were men no longer hang in baffled balance between the trinkets and the perfumes or serve interminable sentences before the stocking counter. The Gorgon-headed customer no longer hisses and harries the criminally insane clerk.

Let us count our blessings and give thanks that the situation has bettered. The prospect, though not bright, at least is no worse than gloomy, and the black cloud of a new year has its steely lining. Though the inhabitants of the island appear to be exhausted, deflated, haggard, dissipated, dreary, and dull, yet they are to be congratulated, because probably for another twelve months they will not look and act like dangerous killers. —PEGGY BACON

•

Of the 40 persons who are staying at the Park hotel while deer hunting in Massachusetts this week, only five had secured deer up to last night and these five were all killed the first day.—*Winsted (Conn.) Evening Citizen.*

Short trip, wasn't it?

IS THERE AN ABACUS IN THE HOUSE?

MY wife came into the living room just as I was waking up from a before-dinner nap on the couch. She set a bowl of ice on the coffee table, gazed at me with affection, and said, “Darling, would you like me to make a Martini before dinner?”

I nodded happily and closed my eyes for a moment as I counted my blessings, not having to move until a drink was in my hand taking first place on the list. My woolgathering was interrupted by my wife's asking, “Now, what are the proportions you use?”

“Two-thirds gin, one-third vermouth,” I told her.

After a few moments, I was conscious of a lack of noise—no splashing gin, no tinkling ice. I opened my eyes again and saw the lady gazing intently at the measuring jigger, her lips moving slightly, as they always do when she's working out a mathematical problem. Suddenly she nodded happily. “I have it now,” she said. “An ounce and a half of gin and a half ounce of vermouth for each cocktail.”

I propped myself up on an elbow and said patiently, and perhaps with a faint touch of superiority, “No, dear. If you want to work it out the hard way, it's an ounce and a half of gin and three-quarters of an ounce of vermouth.”

“Darling, I distinctly heard you say one-third vermouth,” my wife said, “and even with my limited knowledge of mathematics, I know that a half ounce is one-third of an ounce and a half.” Her voice had deepened a full tone, which, if I'd been less sleepy, I would have known was a sure sign that I ought to drop the entire matter.

Saul Bolasni

“Look,” I replied, forgetting for the moment previous frustrations I had undergone when I had tried to explain the nation's time zones to her. “When I said one-third vermouth, I meant one-third of the entire Martini, not one-third of the gin content.”

She smiled, but there wasn't too much humor in it. “Was I supposed to guess that?” she asked.

WE didn't talk very much as we sipped our cocktails, and then we went in to dinner. She had prepared an excellent meal, and under its warming influence the slight frost on our family relations began to disappear.

As we were finishing our coffee, I noticed that she was staring pensively into her cup—frequently a preface to some weighty matter she wishes to discuss. “It's ridiculous,” she said.

I waited. Giving antecedents of pronouns is not one of her strong points, either.

“It's ridiculous,” she repeated, “for a woman of my age to be so completely baffled by simple arithmetic. I have a high-school diploma and a college degree and I still don't understand about subtraction. I can get the correct answer—sometimes—but no one has ever taken the time to explain to me about borrowing. You know, you subtract sixty-nine from a hundred and eighteen and then there's some monkey business about the eight borrowing from the first one and the first one borrowing from the second one. My teachers gave me the formula, but no one ever told me *why* it works. It's our damned educational system,” my wife said bitterly.

“Well,” I said uneasily, “borrowing is simply a means—”

“I'd rather not discuss it at this late date,” she said, with dignity.

There were a few moments of unhappy silence. Then she sighed. “Fractions,” she said, “are even worse. I've never been able to understand how you can multiply two fractions and come out with a smaller figure than you started with. Multiply one-fourth by one-fourth and the answer is one-sixteenth, which is obviously less. Why?”

“Because, dear, when you multiply by one-fourth, you're really dividing by four. You see that, don't you?” Her look told me she didn't.

“You're not *trying* to understand,” I said, and I realized that my voice had taken on greater volume than I had intended.

“Of course, if you don't know the reasons yourself,” she began.

“Look,” I said, my voice now well under control. “Have you ever seen the bead counters used in billiards?”

“I haven't spent much of my life hanging around poolrooms,” she said.

“All right. Then, you know what an abacus is?”

She nodded.

“Well, imagine nine beads on the

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wire. Those nine beads will represent one Martini. Now, we divide those nine beads into three equal parts, three here, three there, and three there. In simple terms, we have divided nine by three. Do you follow me?"

"Of course."

"Now, the first third represents vermouth," I said. "The other two-thirds are gin. So when I say one-third vermouth, I mean one-third of the whole. Of course, the vermouth would be fifty per cent, or one-half, of the gin, but only a third of the total mixture." I sat back, pleased with my demonstration.

"Go on," she said quietly.

"Well, now forget the Martinis for a moment and we'll take one-third of one-third. We'll divide what was the vermouth part into three sections."

"Are those bottled cocktails any good?" my wife asked.

We looked at each other for a long moment. "Anyway," she said, "you always get too much vermouth in your drinks."

She's right. I do.

—James A. Maxwell

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To the Editor:

With reference to the small item by Harold L. Ickes on Sunday's editorial page, I wish to say that DmecoartseNors,-eod are placed in a rather repcarouis ('& position othbyy Mr. Ickes and the aidl's sypetetters. Whether or not htheir defeat in the recent election
the recent election by the Rebupilcans was due to bonfyde resurgence of converstism ermains to be seen. Wit a satisfact-satisfactory majority in both houses, be seen. Wit a satisfact- the poll tax states. On this we are all agreed. Mr. Ickes has indeed struck a telling blow.

—E. A. Rutan
—*Michigan Daily*.

Did it get you right on the conk?

•

THE GOOD OLD DAYS DEPARTMENT

[*From "Travels in America," by Thomas Ashe, Esq., published in London, 1808*]

Pittsburg, October, 1806. . . . The beef is excellent and is often sold as cheap as three cents a pound; good veal at seven cents; and pork at three dollars a hundred weight. Remarkably fine fowls cost about a shilling a couple. . . . Venison and bear-meat also are often brought to market: a haunch of the former may be bought for half a dollar, and a flitch of the latter for about twice as much. . . . Butter is generally fourteen cents a pound; eggs, five cents a dozen; and milk, three cents a quart.

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—SAYS
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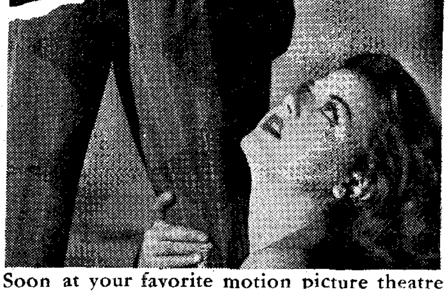

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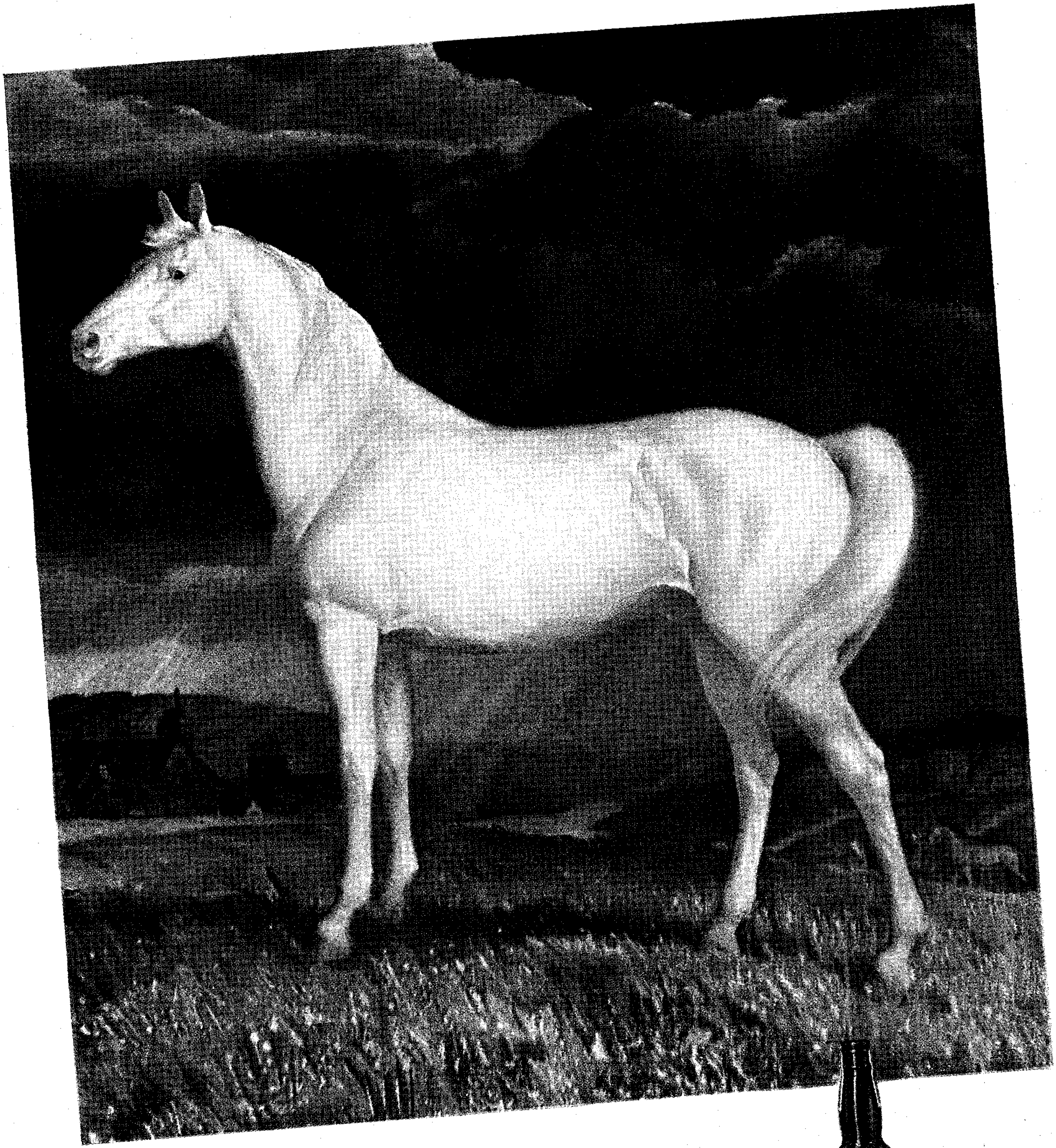

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LETTER FROM LONDON

DECEMBER 26

ALL last week, London railway stations swarmed with record mobs of travellers, most of them loaded with children, bundles of holly, bags of rations, and frequently a tenderly clasped bottle of something to cheer the Christmas host. As it happened, the harassed railways handling this seasonal confusion had just been given a Christmas present of their own—a tag labelling them "Government Owned." The bill taking the country's transport to the bosom of the state got through Parliament before the adjournment for Christmas. It was received with little elation. The Liberals voted with the Conservatives against it, and the Government's majority, usually overpowering, was thus the smallest since the Labour Party took office. For the first time, one of its nationalization measures has come up against something tougher than purely sectional or party opposition. The account of the bill's merits, as set forth by the Minister concerned, seemed a whole lot clearer when dealing with the essential beauty of the scheme than when it touched upon just how it was going to be made to work. In spite of a lot of vague promises of transport service that will be bigger and better than anything achieved by private ownership, considerable numbers of Britons remain skeptical.

The railway companies are indignant at some of the cracks made by Government speakers about the poor service the companies give and the dreary stations they provide. After all, as they point out, this is a stingy return for the magnificent way in which they carried their load during the war, and if the stations are not exactly pretty, how can they be otherwise when the Government sits tight on permits for such necessary items as paint and manpower? The Stock Exchange Council broke its precedent of dignified, non-partisan silence to register a strong protest to the Government on the proposed basis of compensation for the stockholders in the railway companies. Millions of non-stockholders feel gloomily certain that they will have to fork over the cost of a vastly expanded bureaucratic control that will turn every railway porter into a civil servant and set every little country truckman to cudgelling his brains at night as he sits surrounded by a sea of official forms. The Government, on its own admission, is buying a liability, and the man in the street fears that the price of his season ticket and of the haulage of his goods is not likely to be decreased by the expenditure necessary to turn this liability into an asset. The nationalization of transport is expected to take two years and that of the mines a year and a half.

SHIVERING Londoners have been asked to jot down 1950 in their calendars as the earliest moment at which the Central Electricity Board sees any hope of closing the gap between its production and the public demand. During the recent spell of icy weather, the supply of power was reduced—or, in the soothing official phrase, "shed"—so drastically that homes and shops felt Siberian and many housewives found their Christmas cakes freezing in their electric ovens.

At the theatres, equally cold because of the coal shortage, even the people in the stalls dress as they might for a football game. However, a few chilly drafts in the aisles are not enough to keep the crowds at home, and the holiday season is going full tilt. Its high spot was the reopening of the blitzed Drury Lane, which had been smartened up with new blue paint and which had its customary scarlet-liveried flunkies on hand for the opening of Noel Coward's musical show "Pacific 1860." It is sad to have to record that this vintage bottle from the old South Sea Island bin turned out to be a flat and melancholy affair. The action of the piece creaks along on a rich planter's estate on the island of Samolo, and there is a great deal of crinoline whisking, arch duets, crooning native servants, and practically everything else, except the wit and tunefulness that Mr. Coward at one time was so well supplied with. Mary Martin, as a lovely singer who sets the island and the elder son of the family by the ears, does her best with lines which, the other night, appeared to convulse all the enamored gentlemen on the stage but left many in the audience glumly unmoved. For her big moment, when she bursts into song at a party attended by the Government House set, Mr. Coward has given her a ditty that would not be out of place chirped at a vicarage concert. Indeed, the whole show has a curiously amateur flavor, as though it had been thought up by the Governor's aides-de-camp and the crinolined young ladies to enliven the wet season on old Samolo. The brightest feature is the settings of Gladys Calthrop, which create a tropical world of broad green leaves and strange flowers reminiscent of a Rousseau painting.

A much more heartening entertainment is the excellent new film version of "Great Expectations." David Lean, who directed the slight and sensitive "Brief Encounter," has done an equally brilliant job on the robust Dickens framework. The difficulty of cramming in all the minor characters, the omission of any one of whom would have offended the Dickens experts, has been beautifully overcome. The acting—particularly that of the children, Pip and Estella, and of John Mills, as Pip grown up—is first-rate, and so is the cobwebby, decaying wedding feast over which crazy old Miss Havisham (Martita Hunt) presides in her dusty finery of a deserted bride. But the principal triumph is the re-creation of the eerie marshes where little Pip meets the convict and of the black, sinister Thames-side wharves from which Magwitch tries to make his escape. In these scenes, and in one exquisite shot of a hazy winter morning's skating party, the camera seems to have gone outside the film studio and to have found the terrifying city disease and dirt, the unspoiled country solitudes, and even the authentic foggy air of Dickens' England.

—MOLLIE PANTER-DOWNES

•

Sale of liquor to Indians occupied much of Judge Johnson's time Saturday morning.—*Salt Lake Tribune.*

We should all have *some* sort of avocation.

•

Mrs. Jessie G— of Sebring, Fla., is visiting this week in the home of Mrs. Melvina Burtis and Mrs. Effie Hubbard. Mrs. G— died a few years ago.

—*Ludlow (Vt.) Tribune.*

Sociable old haunt, ain't she?

•

LOVE IS A WONDERFUL THING DEPARTMENT
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[*From the Chicago Herald-American*]

Don't you agree with me that this girl has a right to some years of happiness? In a few years her son will be 7 and thinking of his own love affairs.

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THE CURRENT CINEMA

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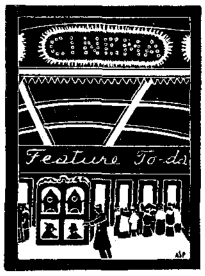

IT is an odd thing, I suppose, that in dealing with "The Overlanders," an Australian film concerning a cattle drive, there is more to be said about the herd of steers in it than about the human beings in the cast. Perhaps because I am an urban fellow and ill-acquainted with any livestock save the horse, I was surprised to learn from this semi-documentary, issued under the imprimatur of the Australian government, that our meat-giving friends make more sense on a plate than they ever make on the hoof. It seems, if you care—and well you might, unless you are rigorously cold-hearted or vegetarian—that our dumb and delicious animal chums panic if they are compelled to climb a slope that wouldn't trouble a veteran follower of J. Otis Swift or if they hear any noise louder than the mutterings of a couple of dingoes. Apart from this nervousness on the part of brutes I have seldom seen except in sections and smothered in onions, "The Overlanders" offers other interesting data. I had no idea, for instance, that Australia in 1942, figuring the Japanese were coming along any minute, transferred a million head of cattle from the Northern Territory southeastward to the sea. I had no idea, either, that the journey of a thousand steers to Queensland, fifteen hundred miles from their normal grazing ground, could be as interesting as this picture makes it. You probably won't see anything more dramatic in a good while than a scene in which four men on foot turn back a herd of thirsty cattle insanely anxious to plunge into a water hole, or anything quite as satisfactory in the way of a hero as Chips Rafferty, the enormous protagonist of the film. Mr. Rafferty's English is not always intelligible, but he is one of the few men I've ever looked at who can touch their feet together under a horse's belly without giving the animal more than a gentle squeeze.

GIVE an ingénue of the sort that turns up in pictures like "The Secret Heart" a dead papa and a beauteous stepmama, and there is, regrettably, no holding her. If you don't know, even with the clue I've provided, that stepmama and kiddie are going to fall in love with the same gentleman, you've been neglecting your lessons. . . . "The Beast with Five Fingers," an exercise in manual dexterity that deals with the malefactions of a disembodied hand, flops about as foolishly as a flounder out of water and is practically as tedious to watch. . . . In "Temptation," George Brent, as a sober archeologist crazy about Rameses V, finds his wife, Merle Oberon, has gone daft about an Egyptian, played by Charles Korvin. It's from a novel by Robert Hichens, whose work should be buried in a time capsule and left there. . . . All the actors in "The Wicked Lady" looked very glum to me. The leading lady is Margaret Lockwood, who snatches a bridegroom from his intended's bed, and James Mason is a bewigged highwayman who glowers his way into her heart, assuming she's got one, the minx. —JOHN MCCARTEN

●

Ladies and Gentlemen:—If you read this, it will be because this newspaper has enough heart ache for the orphans, veterans, and needy aged to donate this valuable space for their welfare which is explained below as follows:

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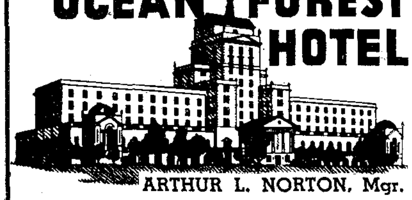

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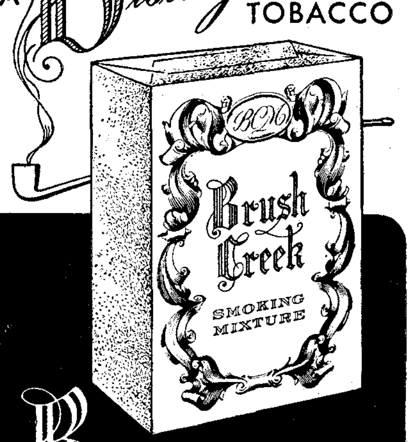

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•

There is pretty general agreement that the world is a trifle nearer peace than it was at the end of 1945. The improvement in the situation can easily be detected by the use of delicate instruments.

•

It is now expected that the United Nations will begin its New York housekeeping in only one skyscraper. The rest of the area will be devoted to terraces, parks, and benches for Bernard Baruch.

•

On Christmas Eve, General McNarney granted amnesty to eight hundred thousand Nazis. It is explained that these were not important people but little fellows who only went along for the ride.

•

Last week was a busy one for exchanging Christmas gifts. A number of industrial concerns were observed trying to get rid of those unwanted portal-pay union suits.

•

The Republicans have discovered that there is no such thing as equality in this country. Many of the states have no favorite sons at all, while Ohio has one too many.

•

G. B. Shaw admits that his fifty-year campaign for the abolition of Christmas has made no progress. There are some things nobody lets George do.

•

People who have had trouble making ends meet are delighted by the War Assets Administration's announcement that it is now possible to pick up some real bargains in barrage balloons.

•

The strike at the J. I. Case plant is now in its Second Big Year. This concern made farm machinery before it lost interest in that sort of thing.

•

A proclamation by Queen Wilhelmina clears the way for the formation of the United States of Indonesia. Many of us had not realized that old Holland was about to become a mother.

—HOWARD BRUBAKER

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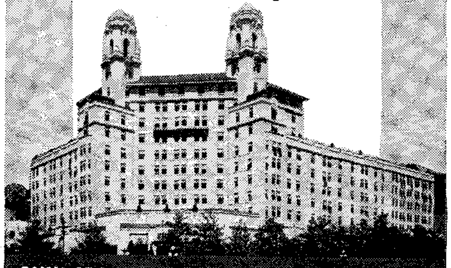

ONLY SPA WHOSE WATERS ARE OWNED AND RECOMMENDED BY THE U. S. GOVERNMENT

BOOKS

Stephen Spender and George Grosz on Germany

"European Witness," by Stephen Spender (Reynal & Hitchcock), is an account of trips to France and Germany in the summer and fall of 1945. Mr. Spender went to Germany "on a mission to inquire into the lives and ideas of German intellectuals, with a particular view to discovering any surviving talent in German literature," later adding "to the general purpose of this mission the one of inquiring into the condition of libraries."

In the course of these investigations, Mr. Spender talked to many writers and students, whose opinions he quotes, usually without comment, for the glimpses that they afford of the state of mind of post-Nazi Germany; he read up the works of Goebbels and Jünger (one ought to apologize to the latter, one of the finest of living German writers, for bracketing them in this way), which he subjects to an illuminating analysis; and he noted the physical aspects and the psychological atmosphere of razed Berlin and depleted Paris with the special skill of a poet—putting on record the invincible repugnance, the impulse to get away, which seem to be the universal experience in the presence of the desolation of Germany, and the "invisible ruin" of France, where "at the back of everyone's mind there is this sense of an unacknowledged zero which France has reached" and "from which the community has to be completely reconstructed."

All through the war, Stephen Spender was doing journalism of various kinds—reviews, personal diaries, essays—and this continuous stream of comment was always readable and fresh to a degree that is rare in the highbrow reviews to which, as a rule, he contributed. Mr. Spender is a careless writer: his sentences do not always come out neatly and his grammar is sometimes bad. (It is not surprising to find, in the translation of George Grosz's autobiography reviewed below, such an error in sequence of tenses as "How I would have loved to have bought many of those things!"—though of course it is the kind of thing that a publisher ought to correct; but one dislikes to see Spender make the same mistake, as he does several times in this book.) He gives us impressions and thoughts as they come, without bothering much with a thesis. Yet everything he writes has the charm of—qualities now rather rare—a natural appetite for the highest art and a natural sympathy with human beings. Literary criticism, like everything else, became, during the war, rather grim. In the so-called methodological criticism, it ran to extremes of mechanical dreariness that in better days could hardly have been imagined. Now, Stephen Spender was not in the least "rigorous," but, on the other hand, he was never superficial, as, in its peculiar pedantic way, this "*explication des textes*" usually was, because the books and events he discussed had always been really experienced by a sensitive and candid temperament, largely free from conventional attitudes. It was particularly comforting to read him, in the midst of the torpedoings and bombings, the giant sieges and the mass incinerations, because he convinced you that the old humanistic point of view had a persistent spontaneous life that could weather the most terrible tempest of systematic mechanized destruction.

This book of his has all these merits, and they make it one of the reports most worth reading on the condition of postwar Europe. Mr. Spender seems sometimes naïve in his ponderings as to precisely what degree of guilt should be assigned to the Germans, to which Germans it should be assigned, and how, in view of their guilt, we should treat them. To pin down the responsibility for the crimes of the war, one would have to get hold of Cain. And, with the knowledge that we are gradually gaining of the complexities and contradictions involved in the development of modern society, it is impossible to accept his statement of the political prob-

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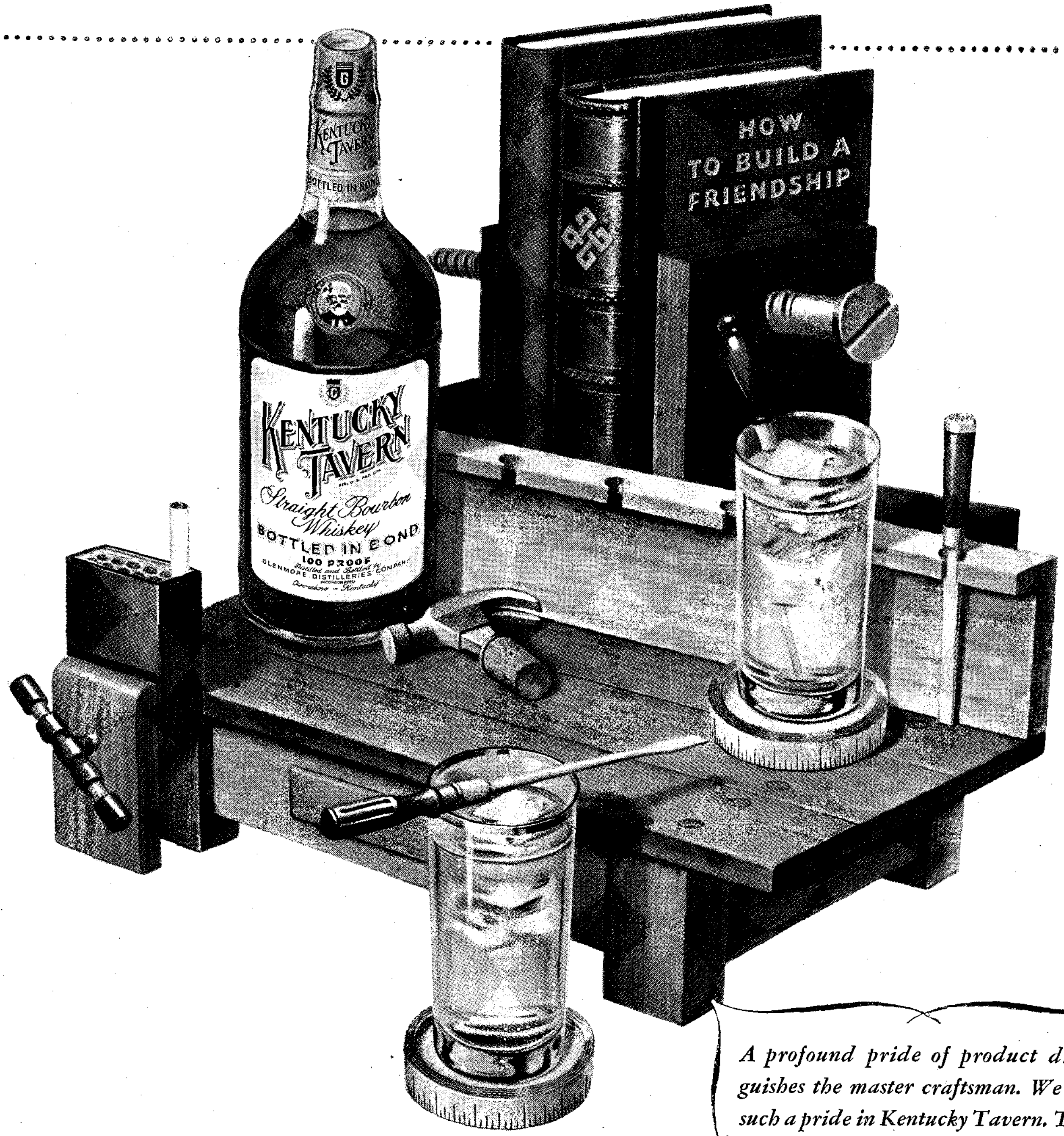
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lem of the future as simply "a choice between good and evil." But the great thing is that his approach to the Germans is always that of a human individual to other human individuals.

What is depressing, however, when you have finished his book, is to realize how little this humane approach has lately been able to do for humanity. The government of one of the countries just engaged in a struggle, with no holds barred, for power and commercial supremacy sends a poet who has happened to survive from the disaster of the victorious nation to see if any sparks of intellectual life can be found among the wreckage of the defeated one. I sighed as, after reading Stephen Spender's book, I wrote the word "postwar" above. I reflected that I had been writing it constantly since 1917, and that I should very likely be writing it most of the time for the rest of my life.

"A Little Yes and a Big No: The Autobiography of George Grosz" (Dial) is a document on modern Germany which supplements Spender's book. Here is the record of a German artist who was disgusted by German war-making and who attacked the makers of war; who spent his youth as a Dadaist rebel in the years of bad food and inflation between the two wars in Germany; who felt the pressure of impending tyranny and, warned, he says, by a Kafka-esque nightmare of blind alleys, covert persecution, and a plague of stinking fish, decided to move to America at the beginning of 1933. "Yes, it was indeed strange," he writes, "that the deeper significance of my dream remained hidden from me at that time. I know today that a definite Power wanted to save me from annihilation. Why I was to be spared, I do not know. Perhaps it was to serve as a witness." I have not read anything else which has made me feel to what degree life in Germany became intolerable during the years after the Treaty of Versailles. From George Grosz you get the impression that there were only two real courses possible: Hitlerism or flight. Though for a time, after the first of the wars, he allied himself with the political Left, he has a Nietzschean scorn of the masses, and seems never to have believed very strongly in the ability of the working class to recreate contemporary society. He says that he shocked Thomas Mann in 1933 by predicting that Hitler would last.

Grosz is also a valuable witness, in his account of his experience in this country, on the subject of the foreign artist who comes to live in the United States. It more or less happened with Grosz as it did with Stravinsky and Auden that, in obedience to some curious law, his prestige for Americans dwindled from the moment that we had him among us. Unlike these two other artists, George Grosz wanted at first very much to make money in the American way; he admired the American illustrators who drew for our magazines, and thought, apparently, that he would like nothing better than to do this sort of work himself, but somehow he was not acceptable. He had hoped to drop the vein of satire which had made him so famous abroad, along with the society it caricatured; but, in spite of his determined efforts to deal with American life in a forward-looking and clean-cut way, the colors that he applied to his street scenes were always overflowing their outlines and the Americans he would have liked to idealize turned out to be "mostly middle-aged and uglier than I had intended." He could only remain himself: an artist with a vision of the world which he could no more prevent his faculties from concentrating their forces to realize than a wild pig in labor with a litter of boars can give birth to china pigs.

But then, left free by the lapse of his fame and obliged to dig himself in as is necessary for artistic survival in a country that has no artists' cafés, he worked on into a new phase of development which was for a long time completely "straight"—doing landscapes, lay figures, portraits, and nudes which sometimes seemed strangely inexpressive after the extraordinary variety and humanity of his earlier satirical period (admirably represented in the dozens of drawings included in "A Little Yes and a Big No"). And at last we found him turning out studies of the grass-fringed contours of sand dunes, the broken stumps of Adirondack lakes, and the filigree of Cape Cod scrub pine that—quite different in everything save mastery of line from the deliberately ragged caricatures of the pre-Hitler bourgeoisie—had a firmness, a steel-shaving delicacy that had descended, a little softened, from the flowers and leaves of Dürer. The album of George Grosz's work published by Bittner in 1944 gave a retrospective view of this work; and the exhibition of last autumn, at the Associated American Artists, added to it the remarkable water colors of the progress of the Nazi movement which represent a further development, more bitter and more brilliant, of his original satirical vein, and a series of apocalyptic

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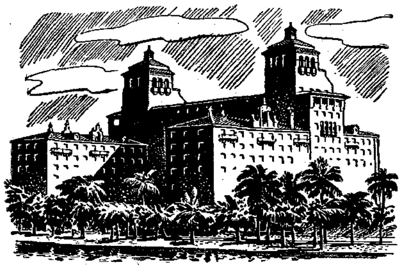

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paintings, not always perhaps successful but at their best of a terrific tragic force, in which the remnants of a decrepit civilization are seen wallowing on their bellies or frying in an inferno of fire and mud. In the field of the arts, it seems to me that these pictures, with André Malraux's last novel and Benjamin Britten's opera "Peter Grimes," are the only productions I know that have expressed the despair and anguish of the years we have been living through, which yet do not discourage but fortify, since they make us feel the vigor of the craftsman who, in mastering a terrible subject, scores a victory over its terrors. And just as Stravinsky has eventually emerged as a popular national figure whose new music, at first ignored, is now played to crowded houses and whose albums of phonograph records are sold out as soon as issued; as the collected poems of Auden have recently made him shine beyond the academic penumbra of the colleges in which he has been teaching, and won him almost the circulation of an American family poet, so the reception of this recent exhibition seemed to indicate that at last George Grosz was coming to play a rôle in America which, if not quite the one he imagined—since it does not bring him the biggest income—does confer upon him the highest rank.

This exceptionally honest and amusing and revelatory autobiography should effect his complete emergence. What is most striking, as in the artist's pictures, is his freedom from the Germanic mythmindedness which leads the Germans, so often disastrously, to substitute heroic abstractions for realistic observation and ordinary common sense. This can be seen, in Stephen Spender's book, not only in the excerpts he makes from Goebbels' youthful novel, but in a blood-chilling battle scene from a novel by Ernest Jünger, in which the excitement of war is raised to a pitch of barbaric ecstasy that disconcertingly recalls the old sagas. It can be seen also in a most curious form, in the last issue of *Partisan Review*, in the memoirs of a German soldier who was assigned to guard a prison camp in Poland. This man, whose duty it was to beat, torture, and kill other men, writes of the vicissitudes of the camp in terms of a mythology of stalking Deaths, white watching Ghosts, Hills of Calvary, and Angels of Vengeance. But Grosz's story has no grandiose allegory: it is homely, concrete, and human. There is no touch of the mystical obsession, unless his prophetic dream be one—but that is concrete and homely, too. One remembers that the

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German tradition is not necessarily Hegelian, not necessarily Wagnerian: there are Dürer, Beethoven, and Hauptmann. And one realizes today that George Grosz, in these bad days for the light of German intellect, has represented what is stoutest and noblest in this other German tradition. The hand that sketched the moral tatters, the deliquescence of the bourgeoisie could draw the distinct stems and twigs and fill in the big sweep of the dunes; and the man who directed the hand may be met in this autobiography: a great German artist, we recognize, who, in becoming an American citizen, has given himself an international passport.

—EDMUND WILSON

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

LYDIA BAILEY, by Kenneth Roberts (Doubleday). A susceptible young Maine lawyer who has fallen in love with the portrait of a girl he believes to be in Haiti reaches the island just as Napoleon's attempt to take over the government sets off the bloody Negro uprising under Toussaint. The hero finds the girl, and from that point the extremely elaborate plot carries them through an encounter with Tobias Lear, the pig-headed evil genius of Jefferson's State Department; spirited engagements against the French; capture by Barbary pirates and slavery in Tripoli; and, finally, the Tripolitan War and its intrigues and political jealousies. Neither the hero nor the heroine is very interesting, but the scenes through which they pass are exceedingly so, and Mr. Roberts has made of them a very readable novel, animated with a lively sense of what was going on in the exciting first years of the nineteenth century.

DARK DOMINION, by Marianne Hauser (Random House). A pretentious but at times interesting exploration into the subconscious minds of a most unpleasant young woman and her desiccated husband, who practices psychoanalysis on Riverside Drive. Miss Hauser has originality and imagination, but her narrative, which wavers between the dreams of her unprepossessing characters and a Surrealist view of housekeeping on the West Side, might have been more successful if she had employed a less eccentric and more restrained prose.

GENERAL

AUSTRIAN REQUIEM, by Kurt von Schuschnigg (Putnam). Dr. Schusch-

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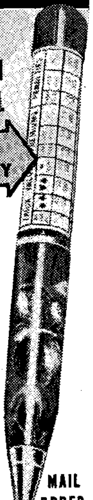
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nigg's story of the death of Austria and his own subsequent purgatory. The author begins with a verbatim account of his meeting with Hitler at Berchtesgaden and reviews his part in the quick march of events that ended with the occupation of Vienna by the Germans. Within a matter of days, the former Chancellor was set to cleaning out toilets in a Nazi prison for the amusement of S.S. men, and until his liberation by the Americans, he lived in concentration camps, expecting death at any moment. His secret diary of those years reveals no rancor and no self-pity. He still believes that his line of action in the face of the Nazi threat was the only logical one; he is still an Austrian nationalist and still a legitimist. Whether you agree with his politics or not, you can't help admiring his integrity and tenacity.

THE STRANGE ALLIANCE, by John R. Deane (Viking). General Deane was head of our military mission to Moscow during the war, and this is his rather disillusioned account of his collaboration with the Russians—a collaboration which, from his description, was pretty one-sided. It is a story of red tape, jurisdictional jealousy, suspicion, and sloth, relieved only by the author's enthusiasm for certain individual Russians and by his liking for the people in general. When the author is discussing military and diplomatic matters, he is informative and often entertaining; in his concluding chapters, in which he takes up the ideological confusion of the post-war world, he is something less than weighty.

THE PORTABLE D. H. LAWRENCE (Viking). A notable addition to this publishing house's Portable Library. This one is a collection of short stories, novelettes, critical writings, poems, letters, and parts of two novels. It is a perfect introduction to Lawrence, since it contains enough variety to convey the conflicting nature of his genius. Some excellent examples of his keen-edged style, such as "The Fox" and "The Prussian Officer," are included.

BREEDING THOROUGHBREDS, by John F. Wall (Scribner). A book for people who realize that a horse is something more than a pari-mutuel number. Colonel Wall, a retired cavalry officer, has spent a lot of time around tracks and stock farms, and he claims that there is no rule for mating that is sure to produce a successful racer; nevertheless, he outlines the methods of many of the better-known establishments, and adds some entertaining sketches of the backgrounds of the leading racing families (equine, that is) in this country and England.

TOMORROW'S CHAMPION, by C. W. Anderson (Macmillan). A brisk and affectionate chronicle of the early days of a thoroughbred, from the foaling barn to the race track, pointed up with many drawings, by the author, of leggy weanlings and rough-coated yearlings. Mr. Anderson has also thrown in several lithographs of older horses—a flattering portrait of Count Fleet as a two-year-old (actually, he is as plain-looking as Man o' War), one of Stymie that does not do him justice, and another, of Busher, that is a convincing likeness.

HORSES, by Edwin Megargee (Messner). A gallery of lithographs of every breed of horse, from Arab to pit pony, many of them in color, along with a text describing their uses in sport and work. The saddle horse, the hunter, and the polo pony are especially well done. Altogether, a handsome book.

U. S. CAMERA: 1947 (U. S. Camera). The newest issue of this distinguished annual continues the custom, started while the war was on, of concentrating on news and documentary photographs taken during the preceding year. The Nuremberg trials, Bikini, strikes and black markets, the Pope, and pinup girls are some of the subjects in this remarkably good collection. The section called "Finest Photographs" is above par; its emphasis is on human beings and there isn't a single closeup of, say, the cross-section of a cauliflower.

YOUR NEW BOAT, by the editors of *Yachting* (Simon & Schuster). A valuable compendium for anyone who is thinking of buying or building a small or medium-sized pleasure craft. It contains a hundred and twenty-five detailed plans of widely varied vessels, and pertinent information on architects, design, cost, upkeep, and so on. Photographs.

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